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FALLEN.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

Comrades, hollow out a grave
Underneath this shattered ash,
On the field he helped to save.
In the battle's din and crash,
Lay him here. It matters little
Where a soldier's grave is made,
Boys, the thread of life is brittle;
Death is but a passing shade.

Did you see him in the fray,
Where his blows fell thick and fast?
Through the ranks he fought his way
Till the foremost line was passed.
On he pressed toward their standard
With his eagle eye on fire,
Heeding not the rebel vanguard,
Only drawing nigher, nigher.

Did you see him clutch the flag
In his grasp as strong as steel,
While the fire from yon gray rag
Made the charge columns reel?
Flashed his sword like God's swift lightning,
Blasting those on whom it fell,
And his iron grasp kept lighting,
And his voice rung like a knell.

Ah, to see him when the foe
Hurled their might against his arm,
Striving hard to crush him low
In their panic and alarm.
Hurled he back their proud defiance,
Shout for shout and blow for blow,
Death with life made swift alliance,
And the hero lieth low.

Lay him down to his long rest
On the field he helped to save;
Pile the earth upon the breast
Of our loved and fallen brave.
May his peace be peace forever;
He has won the fight of life;
Pattern we by his endeavor,
Though we fall amidst the strife.

The Man of Steel:

OR,

The Masked Knight of the White Plume.

A TALE OF LOVE AND TERROR.

BY A. P. MORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "FRANZ, THE FRENCH DETECTIVE,"
"BEAUTIFUL SPINX," "SILVER-
PENT," "STAR OF DIAMONDS,"
"FIRE-FRIENDS OF CHI-
CAGO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MADAME LA BARONNE.

OUR story opens in Paris in the horrid hours of the memorable year '94. It was nightfall. An unusual calm for such a period of strife rested upon the agitated city. Upon the Seine a boat, containing a single occupant, was gliding straight for the quays of Isle St. Louis; a second boat, with two occupants, a short distance above, was shooting obliquely and noiselessly in the same direction; a third, a larger boat or barge, was approaching similarly from a point below. This last contained six soldiers.

In the gathering gloom these three parties did not observe each other moving amid the spectral-moored craft that lay still and grim upon the placid bosom of the water, the twinkling lights from which seemed like eyes of malevolence seeking for additional terrors in the cloak of darkness.

The first boat gained the quay, and the person in it, with quick, mysterious movements, sunk the light craft after having secured to a ring a strong line attached to the prow. Then, moving to the left, he vanished as strangely as his boat, appearing to sink through the very massive stones upon which he trod.

A few moments later the second boat struck the stairing of the quay, and was carefully tied. "Now, then, Perrine, be cautious," said one. "Oh! if I mistake not, here is the damp imprint of a boot. Young de Cosnac must be already here. Come!"

The two figures moved stealthily to the right, where they, like the first-comer, vanished as if by magic.

The next and last boat landed at precisely the same spot, but the armed men it contained were loud-spoken and coarse, making no effort to keep the fact of their presence secret.

"Come—hasten with that knot!" growled the leader, stroking his bushy beard impatiently. "We have scarce an hour for the performance of our duty, and who knows but that we may have some trouble with that brat of the noblesse, Latour de Cosnac—ha! There is a boat. The boat of de Cosnac, no doubt. Down with the nobility—also, down with their boats! Sink it!" and as he thus commanded, four or five sharp pikes were driven through the bottom of the boat, tearing the planking asunder.

"But what of the other—the girl? Eh, Sergeant Killer?" asked one of these men. "By my heart! she is pretty—she is beautiful! I have seen her. But since these changes in the government she lives secluded as the mouse in the field. We have come to apprehend Madame Elise—we dare not use titles, you know—also her son, Latour; but what of the girl, Sergeant Killer? I—"

"Ho! that tongue of yours is a mile too long. Suffice that I have my instructions from Pollet St. Liege, and be sure I shall carry them out faithfully, at the cost of my head!" was the reply of burly Sergeant Killer.

"Our true master, Citizen Robespierre," he added, immediately, "does well in wishing to sweep royalty and the priests from the face of the earth; and Captain St. Liege—whose money and life may the Mother of Fate both preserve for our future use! I may grow a little lowly into your ass-like ear—thus—that St. Liege would like to possess the angelic Pearlina," and under his breath: "By the horns of the moon! I would like much to have her myself." Then aloud: "Come, rascals! We shall sip some of the rare wine in the cellars of this fugitive baron, and mayhap shall find some pretty waitresses in the dining-hall. Forward!"

Upon the Isle St. Louis, close to the quays, stood a stone mansion three stories in height, built large and square, having a tower, and whose walls were reputed to be strong enough to withstand a charge of heaviest cannon-shot.



Latour wrenched open the door. "See! Unless this wretched image of bones has voice, you were mistaken."

Of later years, it had been the residence of Baron de Cosnac, and as, in those days, it was customary to alter the names both of houses and streets to suit the title of a favorite, or to tickle the vanity of prominent men, this veritable stone fortress was known as *Château de Cosnac*. The baron, forced to it by the general movement of other nobles immediately following the return of Louis XVI. from Versailles to the Tuilleries, fled to Turin, where he was completely lost sight of—leaving his wife to the care of their son, Latour de Cosnac, in comparative safety within the hotel-prison-of-a-house; the necessity of this voluntary exile increasing as the Revolution progressed, for its tribunal inaugurated cold-blooded atrocities upon all such as.

The edifice was imposing viewed from without; its gate-like doors, port-hole like windows, grim tower, high stone balconies at side and rear, overlooking a garden inclosed by a wall, and the plain, massive front facing the quays with the appearance of a defiant stronghold.

Four of the soldiers, Sergeant Killer at their head, ascended the broad stone stairs toward the "castle" entrance, leaving one of their number to guard the boat.

Within the castle splendor met the eye at every turn—style, finish and furniture attesting the wealth of the exiled noble.

At the moment the first boat arrived at the quay stairs, Madame Elise, Baronne de Cosnac, was seated alone in her sumptuous bedchamber, intently reading an open letter and anon raising her eyes studiously toward the burnished spears that crossed armorially upon the tops of the four high posts of the curtained couch.

Madame was somewhat advanced in years; an invalid. Her face, once considered beautiful, was thin, pale and careworn. A woman of many virtues, in contempt in those days, she had never been a favorite among her people, and preferred the quietness of a secluded life to the frivolities and glitter of a grossly immoral court; content with dispensing charities and winning a name for goodness. Living similarly, and under virtuous care, her adopted daughter, Pearlina, had grown to a pure and glorious womanhood.

The apartment in which Madame sat was one mass of tapestry, neither door nor window being visible. At one side was a tall, narrow closet of ebony hue, hung with *crêpe* held by immense gilt buckles and surmounted by a cornice studded with beads of steel. In the very center of the ceiling, which slanted on all sides like a square tent of many rich and tastefully-blended hues, shone a multiplicity of lights in a chandelier of glassy prisms.

As she read, her eyes—like all eyes of those Frenchwomen who, by some enchantment of nature, seem to retain at least one mark of their beauty forever—sparkled with a pleasure that appeared to increase upon the perusal of each line, and her bosom heaved with emotion incident to unexpected and promising news, thrilling her whole frame; until, at last, crumpling the letter spasmodically and raising her eyes, she exclaimed:

"The good Father in heaven grant that all may be as my beloved husband wishes and proposes! Then, I feel that we may be restored to each other's arms and enjoy the sweets of our long, unchanging love in the peace that knows no persecution. This encouragement is panacea beyond all medicine. But, stay; this letter contains information and hints which, if discovered, would soon destroy those plans he speaks of and perhaps bring death to many. Since I have given its contents to my heart, my next duty to my husband is to burn it."

Reaching toward a small desk that was on a work-table close at hand, she caught up a lighted taper, then began folding the letter with the intention of burning it and crushing its ashes beneath her feet even where she sat.

"Thus will I destroy the evidence of my husband's plot," she murmured.

But as Madame was on the point of applying the taper, there occurred an interruption. Though no doors or windows were visible in

this heavily-tapestried room, there were several modes of ingress and egress which the rich curtaining stuff concealed. One, a door leading to the broad hall without; another, leading to a room beyond, this second room opening on a stone balcony overlooking the garden, broad, roomy, supplied with seats, and at proper seasons always redolent with the perfume of rarest flowers; a third, a secret panel, supposed to be known only to the baron, his wife and their son—this secret passage leading in two directions: upward to a secret chamber in the tower, downward to a level with the great cellars, thence to the steps of the quay, where a single square stone, worked by admirable contrivances, could be removed or replaced over an aperture sufficiently large to admit the passage of a man. By this secret entrance the occupant of the first boat that reached the quay stairs had disappeared with the intention of gaining the castle unseen. There was a fourth mode, more important than all others, by which one could enter or depart secretly from the bedchamber of the baronne, but this was unknown to the baron, his wife and their son.

At the moment when Madame was about to apply the folded paper, she detected a noise in the direction of the panel door behind the tapestry.

As she paused and glanced around quickly, the covering before the panel was thrust aside, and a man stepped out advancing toward her with a rapid step.

Madame Elise uttered an exclamation of pleasure and half-rose from the large, high-cushioned chair.

The letter and the taper went out with a "puff" as it struck the floor.

"Latour! My boy!"

"Yes, mother mine! I am safely housed again."

The next instant they were clasped together warmly—mother and son.

CHAPTER II.

MOTHER AND SON.

THE man who entered by the panel of the secret passage was Latour de Cosnac, son of Madame—a man, indeed, with every stamp of honor and intelligence prominent in his handsome features.

His supple and finely-developed form was a striking picture of health and muscular strength. From neck to loin he wore a jacket of linked day-to-day to know only that she was placed, when a helpless infant, in your carriage; and after so many years to receive a mysterious packet from an unknown source—that packet to explain to you the story of her life. Her birthday, more strange when that grin casket was brought here, containing a skeleton said to have been found in one of the deep dungeons after the fall of the Bastille—having engraved on its skull the mere words: "This is the father of the child you have named Pearlina." Her mother, then, may be living.

"It is vain to think of that, my son; useless to conjecture. I have the packet where I may guard it safely. At the date fixed by the instructions written upon the outside—exactly seven days hence—we shall doubtless know all. It is in my desk—Ha! what whisper was that?"

"Whisper, mother? I heard none," and he glanced about the room, astonished at the sudden expression of Madame.

She was not mistaken in imagining that she heard a whisper or a hiss, or a noise similar to either, her hearing being much more acute than that of her son; for as she spoke of the mysterious packet her last words seemed to echo lowly back to her as if from an invisible mouth.

In the upper and middle portion of that same closet already alluded to was a round bored hole scarce larger than a grain of corn which, owing to its smallness, had escaped the observation of mother and son.

Applied closely to the interior of this almost imperceptible hole was a single eye, that would have burned and flamed if exposed to greater light, and this eye spied greedily out upon the occupants of the chamber. They conversed without restraint, and the door being thin and having in it the hole, their words were distinctly audible to the concealed watcher.

new victims for the revolutionary tribunal, were too weak and suffered defeat. Our story after that, lay in flight. Until now I have had no opportunity to return without exposure to the emissaries of the Committee. That, you well know, would bring immediate destruction to our house; for though they have seen and felt the retributive vengeance of the masked knight of the steel vest and white plume, they do not suspect him to be Latour de Cosnac, but would discover it if I wore this suit abroad by day. But, tell me: have the others, or any of my good comrades, returned to the tower?

While he spoke the fond mother looked with a feeling of pride upon the noble face of her son, toyed involuntarily with the ringlets on his brow, and thought:

"What should I do without my own, faithful Latour! May Heaven grant him many years of life and usefulness and deliver him soon from the necessity of this life of blood!" Then aloud:

"I fear not, my son. Remember, there is a signal to be given, on the back of the panel, as each one passes upward to the secret chamber. I have been in this room continually—expecting you—and have as yet heard no signal. Moreover, Pearlina, who has so faithfully assumed the duty of carrying refreshments to you and your companions, tells me that the dishes last taken to the tower have remained untouched. She was with me a few moments since. But, rise, my son, and be seated near me. Your dangerous work—which may God forgive, since it calls for frequent sacrifice of life!—keeps you so much from me that it is rare pleasure to have you here."

"Speaking of Pearlina," said the young man, rising and leaning over the high back of the chair, "tell me of her, mother. Is she well? Dear girl! I have not seen her for nearly two whole days."

"Well—and much exercised in your behalf. Oh, how she loves you, my son! A jewel, indeed, is our sweet Pearlina!"

"Blessings upon her! She cannot love more deeply than I. It is cruel, but just, that she will not wed me until she is satisfied as to her identity. Is it not strange that we may not even know who she is until her twentieth birthday—to know only that she was placed, when a helpless infant, in your carriage; and after so many years to receive a mysterious packet from an unknown source—that packet to explain to you the story of her life. Her birthday, more strange when that grin casket was brought here, containing a skeleton said to have been found in one of the deep dungeons after the fall of the Bastille—having engraved on its skull the mere words: 'This is the father of the child you have named Pearlina.' Her mother, then, may be living."

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The allusion of Madame to the secret packet roused a sudden interest in the owner of the baleful eye, and as she mentioned its receptacle the lips beneath the eye exclaimed:

"Oh! in her desk!" She keeps the packet in her desk—that small desk on the work-table jumbled up with embroidery. That packet I must secure. I am glad I know where it is. It relates to Pearlina. And if it tells me what I have for so long suspected then I shall coin money by it, and thereby get back as much as I have lost through Leplanché's abominable assessments for this miserable Revolution. Good! In her desk. Let me remember it!—all in a rapid whisper having the sound of a protracted hiss, and it was this which startled the keen ears of Madame.

"I am sure, my son, that I heard either a whisper or a hiss, and I am also positive that it came from there," pointing at the same time to the sonnet closet.

"It is hardly possible for any one to be concealed there," he laughed, "for it can only be opened by a secret spring the existence of which is known to none but ourselves. I will glance into the closet, however."

"Oh! He is about to look in here!" muttered the owner of the eye.

The eye vanished from the hole, there was a slight movement, the rustle of a gown, and the next instant Latour wrenched open the door.

In the recess stood a perfectly articulated skeleton, white, stark, with that infernal grin which freezes upon the jaws of all well-preserved skulls. This skeleton, upright and tall upon a low, cloth-covered pedestal, was all that met the gaze of Madame and her son.

"See! Unless this wretched image of bones has voice, you were mistaken."

"True—I may have merely fancied it; but it was a strong and strange fancy. My son, I once surprised Pearlina kneeling and weeping before that poor skeleton, and I heard her say: 'Oh, my father! Would that the secret of the grave might voice through those too-lifeless jaws, to tell me who or what I am; that Latour, my heart's idol, could learn the sad history of my wretched being!' Close the door. It is not a pleasant sight to my eyes, this remnant of a man supposed to have been the father of our dear Pearlina. I was about to speak to you of my husband, your father."

"Ah! Then you have recent news of him?" uttered the young man, eagerly, as he shut the closet and returned to lean upon the high back of the chair.

"Yes. He yearns for you. He speaks of fondest hopes for you. When last we had private intelligence of him he was in utter seclusion near the Loire. By reason of the various conflicts and massacres transpiring in that section he was compelled to flee. He and many other nobles, under different names and disguises, are with Bonaparte."

"With Bonaparte?" he echoed, breathlessly. "That name is growing wondrously famous of late."

"Ho! The fugitive baron is with Bonaparte!" rumbled the owner of the baleful eye, which was again spying at the hole in the closet door.

"Not so loud, my son. To you I am at liberty to confide his secrets. He speaks of brave Bonaparte as a paragon, climbing step by step, until—what think you he and others plot for?"

"I cannot guess."

"That Bonaparte shall be the savior of France, and, if need be, turn his troops against those men who have inaugurated and would continue the terrible Revolution. And then—what think you follows next, my son?"

"I cannot read the riddle."

"That Bonaparte shall be ruler of France!" "Blazes!" ejaculated the listener in the closet.

"Here is a plot. No doubt all this news is contained in that letter lying upon the floor, which Madame seems to have quite forgotten. I must have that letter. Let me remember both the packet and the letter. Eh, now! what's that! Oh! the soldiers have arrived!"

Before Latour could vent the surprised words upon his lips, as his mother disclosed a portion of the plot which history fulfilled, they were startled by coarse, rough voices, cries of alarm and heavy pattering of feet, all mingled, penetrating like a half-smothered and ominous murmur to the tapestried room.

"What can be the meaning of that?" questioned Latour, aloud, his senses ever alert for the secret of danger in those troublous times.

The disturbance grew louder, seeming to approach—voices of angry men and shrieks of frightened women. Presently there was a distinct call for help.

"By the stars of heaven! there is some outrage perpetrating in the house! Be calm, dear mother, until I return," and flashing forth the great sword from its sheath, he took a step toward the concealed door leading to the hall.

"Hold, there! Be not rash, young man! Blazes! would you destroy yourself?" rung a sharp, shrill voice through the room.

Madame, with a scream, started from her chair.

The door of the closet had suddenly swung wide open, and on its threshold stood the owner of the evil eye that had spied upon Madame and her son.

"My son! my son! I knew there was some one in the closet!"

Latour, sword in hand, faced about at that terrified cry from Madame, and as he did so, an expression of mixed astonishment and loathing overspread his face.

"Fascial Broek! Despicable mountebank! How came you here? Speak, ere I drive this weapon through your snake-of-a-body!"

"Blazes! You would murder me!—when I am here to save you and Madame from arrest, from the *Conciergerie*, from the guillotine?"

"Explain yourself!"

"Have you ears? You hear that riot in the house, in the halls, and you do not guess its meaning? Blazes! the castle is full of *gens d'armes*. They come to arrest you and Madame—why?—because you are of the nobility. They want neither nobles nor the heirs of nobles in Paris. What then?—the Committee; the jury; the judge; the scaffold! To expose yourself would be death, for you would resist, be taken, and your head mounted on a pike-staff! Oh! but I am here to save you. I alone can do it. The quay is guarded; escape that way is cut off; so depend not upon the secret passage behind the panel, which I know of. Heh! halt there! you will be a dead man in five minutes!"—for just then occurred something which

caused the young man to leap forward, tear aside the folds of tapestry and dash out into the broad hall.

It was another, a new sound that caused this impetuous action; the voice of a maiden in deep distress, and the words of the voice were:

"Latour! Latour! Help, or I perish! Help!"

"Is the voice of Pearlina?" shouted Latour, thrilled with dread of danger to his betrothed; and with the ponderous sword grasped in fingers rigid with muscles of steel, he bounded forward to the rescue.

CHAPTER III.

JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

ADVANCING in regular file, with Sergeant Killer leading, the six ruffian "arrest guard" presently halted at the great front door of the castle.

"Now then! Ho! open here. Down with this door!" bellowed the sergeant, at the same time dealing thunderous blows with the heavy butt of his pike-staff. "Open, I say!" and then he banged away at the large clapper, splitting it in twain with his sturdy fist.

After some delay the door swung wide, showing a number of servants gazing in alarm to ascertain what caused such an unwonted clatter at the entrance.

Four soldiers, elbow to elbow, were "dressed" before the door; men with faces of pirates, dirty frocks, rusty helmets, and above the helmets a row of glistening pike-points in admirable drill.

As the door opened the light flooded out from the hall, and in this light Sergeant Killer stepped forward and planted one monstrous booted foot upon the stone sill with a slapping thud that echoed on the air like a pistol shot.

John Killer was a giant prodigious in strength and height. He wore a pair of colossal boots reaching above the knees; above the knees a bearded apron; above the apron a jacket of black velvet and yellow trimming; above the jacket a neck like a bull; and mounted on this neck a head with a face ferocious as that of the wild tiger of the jungle. A beard the length and spreading shape of a trimmed palm-leaf; a thick mustache like two bunches of twisted wires that stood out on either side of the hairy cheeks; a pair of eyes as large as an owl's, but fierce, keen, scintillating like those of a cobra; ears like the extended wings of a bat. He was armed cap-a-pie—pike, pistol, dagger and sabre; and when it was admitted that he was as courageous as he was ugly, this man-monster might be considered a most formidable enemy.

From John, he had been nicknamed Jack. Jack Killer suggested to the fertile minds of his companions an addition in parenthesis, in harmony with his massive build, thus: Jack (The Giant) Killer; hence, for all time afterward, he was known as Jack The Giant Killer more readily than by his own designation.

It is easy to imagine that such a man bore not the best of characters, with ferocity and crime gleaming from his terrible eyes.

His rusty helmet was pushed to the back of his head, letting loose the unkempt hair; he placed the other foot upon the sill, opening his cavernous mouth like the jaws of a crocodile, and roared forth, loud as a bull:

"Hollo! Where is the baron? Where is madame! Where is their son? Bring them out. And let us have some wine instantly! Bring us the people and the wine, before we are pinned with pikes to yonder staircase! Be quick!"

The terrific din, the roaring voice, the ominous demands of gigantic Sergeant Killer—backed, too, by a file of armed men—so frightened both men and women servants that they immediately set up a loud cry and fled precipitately, some ascending the broad staircase and others seeking escape by the passages on each side of it leading to the rear of the castle.

This staircase, very broad and easy of ascent, was in the center of the main hall, having on the two sides above passages to the rear, and on the two sides below haustained ways to the front. From the second to the third floor there was a similar staircase.

While several servants, screaming in terror, continued their flight to the uppermost story, a female figure appeared at the head of the first staircase and gazed wonderingly at the scene transpiring below and around her. This was Pearlina.

She was attired in a plain white robe. Over the shoulders and below the waist fell an opulence of hair like the first burst of gold in morning sunlight, and above the brow a band of jewels. Her brows were dark; eyes of deep blue, radiant with animation—more radiant still the form of exquisite grace which even the loose-fitting robe could not wholly conceal. Her skin was pure and tinted by the wondrous want of heat and vigor that she possessed as the heart that pulsed in her bosom, as it heaved with excitement under the rude stare of these strange intruders.

Even Sergeant Killer was struck spellbound for a second, as she suddenly appeared, seeming more like a dream-vision of indescribable loveliness than a reality.

"By the Virgin's brood! there's a spirit from the clouds!" the bull voice roared. "Ho, up there! You are Mademoiselle Pearlina?"

"I am she. What is your business here?"

"We want the whole family de Cosnac. We want you. All are to go with us. Descend and give yourself up!"

"You can have no lawful business in this castle. Beyond of course, you are not to go down!" "Oh! We shall see about that! Bring her down!" ordered the sergeant, and one of the men strode up the staircase.

"Wretches! You would not dare lay hands on me!" exclaimed Pearlina, riveted with amazement.

"Seize her!" thundered the giant.

It was when the ruffian soldier grasped her rudely that Pearlina uttered the piercing shriek:

"Latour! Latour! Help, or I perish! Help!"

She did not know how near her lover was; it was the first impulse of voice which broke from her startled lips, and shaped of itself the name of one who, of all men, should be her defender and champion.

And right quickly came the answer to the appeal:

"Latour is here!"

Beneath the peak of the steel cap, contrived with springs, that it might be pulled down or pushed up at pleasure, Latour wore a mask of a jet-black mask. This mask he lowered as he sprang to succor his betrothed.

There was a sound of swiftly-bounding feet; in another moment the massive, two-edged sword circled and flashed high in the air. The surprised soldier, who could not retreat from the danger, interposed his pike-staff to receive the blow.

But the shining steel descended through staff, helmet and skull, and the stricken ruffian pitched headlong and lifeless downward!

(To be continued.)

A Man's Art.

BY EMMA B. RIPLEY.

I. THE Metropolitan Theater one September night, eleven years ago. The house blazing with light and beauty, all eyes intent upon the curtain.

Rising, it disclosed a stout female in pink. She looked at her with interest. If not the rose, she had been near it. Besides, she gave to many of us our first experience of the genuine hoop. What amplitude, what hitherto undreamed-of spread was there! And that dress, what was it made of? Pink vapor? A bit of cloud, transfused with the glow of sunset and silvered with radiance from the rising moon?

How it flowed and glittered after her as she moved about the stage, this stout Mlle. Sarah. A merry soul she seemed, with a laugh that vibrated through all her liberal person like a sudden shock through tremulous jelly. We watched her, pleased yet impatient, to the end.

Again the curtain rose. We beheld a peace-

ful scene: a quiet garden, a sleeping servant. Tensely and anxiously, as they came; a man and woman. He, clad in the garb of a Venetian magistrate; his companion—yes, it is she! Look, yonder, for there she is—Rachel!

Oh, glorious vision, would I could summon you from the relentless Past! Would I could show to others, as I saw it then, that pale and spiritual splendor, that charm which was not beauty but transcended it. All that glory has sunk in night; the grave hides it; but what that saw Rachel will not keep forever the dazzling memory!

The play was "Angelo," a vicious little thing of Victor Hugo. Read it if you like—I never cared to—and you will find it Melodrama of the worst type, I doubt not. Her genius made it Tragedy.

In the last scene I turned my head away; it was too real; I shrank from seeing the fatal blow. As I did so my glance was fixed by a far different object. A young man, of aspect the most peculiar I had ever met, was gazing intently at the stage, his tears, actual tears, were running down his cheeks.

The play was over, the audience dispersed. As we made our slow way through the crush I saw the unknown again, almost at my elbow. Julia saw him, too, and said, softly, and he turned at once. It was her cousin, Mr. Bolton.

She took him home with us to supper. By the time we were fairly seated at table, our raptures had abated somewhere near the level of ordinary life. We could speak of our delight and analyze its causes. Every one was enthusiastic; even Julia's brother, ordinarily so matter-of-fact. Mr. Bolton alone was unperturbed; his coolness seemed a sarcastic comment on our warmth.

"Wasn't that last scene terrible?" asked Julia. "I shut my eyes—I could not look."

"I, on the contrary, kept mine open," said Mr. Bolton. "I watched her, as I used to Signor Blitz, to see how it was done."

This brother was a little too much, stranger though he were.

"Oh, Mr. Bolton," I exclaimed, "if I should tell what I saw!"

He turned toward me with the greatest urbanity. "And pray, Miss Darcy, what did you see?"

I made some subterfuge and was embarrassed. I felt sure that to expose his little weakness would anger him deeply if not visibly. He was not embarrassed, however, but honored with a stare that implied something very peculiar in my conduct.

"How exquisitely she was dressed!" said Julia. "It was art, and by no means its lowest phase."

"There's the woman's ingenuity," observed her cousin. "She won't own to her delight in an elegant toilet; she must disguise her admiration in artistic fervor. For myself, I am above such duplicity. I lost half an act trying to decide which was the handsomer, the blue dress or the diamonds, or the black velvet, when she wore the sequins in her hair."

I knew that this was fibbing; that he had not lost a word nor gesture. But if such were the tone he chose to take, it was his own affair. If we were ashamed of emotion, considered it weak, just as well. I liked much better the frank enthusiasm of Fred Munro, who sat next me, and whose sentiments mirrored my own.

By and by it was late, and the guests departed.

"Isn't your cousin rather eccentric?" asked Minnie Munro, as we went upstairs.

"You needn't state it so mildly, my dear. He is odd, excessively so. For my own part, I feel sure that if I had been about to be beheaded, and had spied him for the first time among the crowd, I should have lifted up my head from the block and asked the executioner, 'Who is that?' It is not his looks alone, but his demeanor—and then that cold glare he fixes on you through his spectacles—did you notice it, Helen? You think I speak too freely, perhaps, but might just as well do it to himself; of all mortals he is the most utterly indifferent to others' opinion."

Being just seventeen and desirous to please every one I met, this character appeared to me the most unamiable that could be drawn. Julia and I occupied the same room. Just as I was dropping asleep, she startled me with the question:

"Do you know what those diamonds were like?"

"No," I answered, not deeply interested.

"Did you ever see a tree in the early morning, hung with rain-drops from a shower that had fallen in the night? Do you recall the lustre of those innumerable pendants? Not prismatic—that would be vulgar in comparison—but clear, pellucid drops of concentrated light?"

"Yes," I responded, sleepily.

And all night swam before my eyes the great theater, the glitter, the jewels, and the pale face, with its story of passion and of power.

II. Two years later, I was visiting Julia in her new home. It was a quiet visit, for Mrs. Fairleigh did not greatly affect company. But we rode and walked, read, and talked over our reading, and enjoyed ourselves exceedingly.

As we drove up one morning, great wheel-tracks were visible on the green before the house. "The stage has stopped this morning," Julia averred. "Now who can it be? I expect neither guest nor parcel."

Hurrying on, we encountered a portmanteau on the steps, on the hat-stand reposed an unmistakable cap and cane.

"Erastus!" we exclaimed. The next minute he came out to meet us, bestowed the most business-like of salutes upon his cousin, and favored me with a brief gripe of three of my fingers in his extended palm.

"Cordial way you have of welcoming a fellow," he said. "Here have I been two mortal hours without a soul to speak to, have looked through all the books, examined the music, and studied each line of the play. If you had not come just as you did, I should have left in disgust, marched to the station, and been off without letting you see me."

"Oh, you couldn't have been so cruel!" observed Julia. "How could you expect me to be looking for you at a moment? You were here for a week, you know, in April."

"That visit was to you; now I have journeyed hither entirely on Helen's account. Somebody told me she was here, so I packed my valise and came along."

It had pleased Mr. Bolton to establish between himself and me a tone of perfect unreserve as regarded the expression of his opinions concerning me or to me. He called me "Helen" invariably, and criticized my speech, dress and actions, in a way that made Julia terribly jealous, she declared, she having been hitherto the sole object of his zeal in these particulars. It would have seemed absurd to take offense at any of his brusqueries; and I considered him, as I well might, a rather bearish relation, who was fond of me at heart.

"What a color you have, Helen!" he said, surveying me attentively, after the first greetings were over. "Upon my conscience, you are growing a remarkably like the girl. You've got over those eyebrows, though, and never will."

I studied the decreed eyebrows carefully as I dressed for dinner. I had been disposed to admire them myself, though I knew they were peculiar to me, and I was not sure. Candidly, I could see no reason for altering my opinion now, and wondered what were the grounds of Mr. Bolton's condemnation. However, I did not choose to ask him, and so remained in ignorance.

His stay was protracted to a considerable length, his time devoted to Julia and myself. Mr. Fairleigh received but little of his notice, a state of things borne philosophically. He rode out with us, made calls about the country, and patronized tea-parties. It was a change viewed with wonder by his cousin, who had never before known him in the character of a squire of dames. She persisted in attributing the meta-

morphosis to my influence. No doubt I served as well as any girl, I said, the purpose of the hour. I was some one to be attentive to, some one to look at, talk to. Any young lady staying in the house would have been the same.

One morning I was kneeling in front of a bookcase, arranging some volumes on the lower shelves, when I heard a voice behind me, saying:

"Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

I rose quickly, and looked at him with disapproval. "I don't like that sort of jesting," I remonstrated.

"Well, I don't often sin in such a manner; you must forgive the one offense. And now hold out your hand; I want to see if this fits."

He had been very much engaged for about a week in the manufacture of coconut rings, and had donated them very freely about the country among the ladies of his acquaintance. One of these rings was now tendered to my acceptance.

"Really, I am obliged to you," I said, "though my gift comes rather late in the day. I suppose your calculations were not quite exact, and you had more than you knew how to dispose of. Or, perhaps, Miss Raymond refused to take it."

"She did not ask," he replied.

"I thought you were carving your best for her. But, I presume you are intending to offer her a ring of more costly material."

"Perhaps I am," he replied. "Miss Raymond is by no means an unfavorable specimen of her sex. She is stronger in vanity than in intellect; it is true; her soul, if she has one, must be of microscopic dimensions; but she is good-natured, and dresses well. One might do worse."

"Erastus," I said, laughing, yet a little vexed with him, "how it would delight me to see you in love! Thoroughly, unmistakably, foolishly in love!"

"My dear girl, that is a sight you will never enjoy. I went through with that years ago, as you know, and it did me no good. I am proof for evermore. I don't mean to say," he continued, after a pause, "that I can never love anybody again; but, only that I shall never exhibit to the world that sheepish, monstrous condition known as being in love."

"There is the difficulty," I said. "With your opinion of our sex, I fear you will not very soon find her."

Erastus had been very busily occupied in polishing my coconut ring up to the present moment; he now laid it down, and at the same time removed his spectacles. His eyes, not accustomed to the unobstructed light, winked a little as he looked up, he announced:

"Indeed! And what sort of a person is she?"

"She is handsome," he said, "and young. I admire beauty, you know. I shouldn't like to walk through a garden and not pluck a rose for myself."

"Is that her only merit?"

"By no means. She has a quick though not very well-regulated mind. So far as I can judge, her principles are correct, her heart warm, her temper good."

"A pretty good account," I said. "I believe you are, as you state, not in love. You analyze your charmer quite too coldly. But does she return your sentiments? And who can she be? Neither Julia nor I suspected anything of the kind."

"One question at a time. If she returns my sentiments, is just what I wish to know. And as for who she is, she is—she stands before me—her name is Helen—it is you!"

"Mr. Erastus!" I cried, in unqualified amazement.

"Yes," he said, with a little nod. "You." "Erastus," I exclaimed, in a provoked tone, "this is too bad. I thought you were really going to tell me about some one. I supposed you were in earnest."

"And so I am, my dear Helen," he said, very gravely.

This was certainly new. So absurd and unnatural did it seem that I could hardly persuade myself to give him an answer. He sat awhile in silence, and then remarked:

"Well, I am waiting."

"My dear friend," I replied, "if you really mean what you say, I am very sorry. I like you very much, but I have no intention of loving Erastus out of his spectacles and took up the ring again."

"Confess," I said, speaking out the belief of my heart, "that this was only an accident; you just happened to think of it as you sat here in earnest."

"Not at all," he answered, quietly. "It has been on my mind in some fashion since the night we first met in New York. But I saw there was no chance for me then."

My heart gave a painful throb, and the blood rushed to my cheeks. Was the past never to be put away and forgotten? Must I at each turn meet some reminder?

"But now, after so long a time," he continued, "I thought there was perhaps a hope for me. It was to ascertain this that I came here this summer."

"I am very sorry," was all I could say.

"You need not be," he answered, kindly. "I don't blame you in the least. I know I am not the sort of person who was ever likely to win the regard of a girl like you. I don't wish to conceal from you that it would have made me very happy if you had said yes. But I feel that you never coqueted with me and I want you to be plain, dear Helen, that I love you."

Erastus put on his spectacles and took up the ring again.

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whole, to find that his accustomed way of life was not to be broken in upon. Very likely, had my answer been different, he would have shown himself just as cold. What a life that would make for one! An accepted, yet indifferent lover! How fortunate that I had never for a moment dreamed of saying yes. It was a little unreasonable, I suppose, to be piqued by his easy acquiescence; yet I cannot deny that I was so.

I have mentioned Erastus's patronage of tea-parties, such as gentlemen usually excuse themselves from, or put off with very brief attendance. At one of these gatherings a new face appeared, diversifying the familiar monotony.

I cannot tell what precisely was the charm of Alice Saye. She was pretty, but many a prettier. Rather short, with a soft, baby-roundness; fair, with a sweet color in her cheeks; but by no means faultless in feature. Neither did she possess special grace or fascination of manner, yet every one was charmed by her. I was, myself, at first.

Julia was in raptures over her. In the beginning I was amused by her eager admiration, but the resultant casting-off of her partiality for myself was not quite so pleasant. I had preserved my early regard for Mrs. Fairleigh unshaken through all the deeper feelings of these years; the change hurt me a little. Not, indeed, that Julia neglected me; but you understand how it is when you find yourself no longer first in an accustomed regard. One is always liable to this with persons of Julia's stamp; impulsive in attachments, they are fickle, as well. It is best to recognize this fact and submit to it.

But Erastus. There, at any rate, one would have looked for some consistency. It was not to be expected that his cool deliberateness would be impressed so strongly and so soon. Yet so it proved.

Whenever he entered her presence Miss Saye absorbed him. Not of her own will, but his; it was not her habit of concealing his preferences, or making any sacrifice to appearance. I was quite used to this in my own case; quite accustomed to see him neglect every one else in the room for the sake of exchanging mere nothings with me. I was new to have the disposition manifested as I now beheld it in the total ignoring my presence.

I was an old friend, at least, to whom some courtesy was due. Yet I might sit in the same apartment with him for hours without the slightest notice; those pale-blue eyes behind the spectacles glanced over me as unconsciously as if I had been a chair or table. Miss Saye had all his glances, all his interest, all his attention.

She was good, this girl. I knew it, but I did not really like her the better. There must have been room in the world for her, and friends, without her coming into my sphere, taking away what belonged to me. After waiting awhile I made up my mind to reconquer at least one of my realms. I should not submit to be thus quietly put down and forgotten. I was tolerably confident of my power if I once chose to exert it.

Beautifully my plan worked! At one time it might have imparted something to Erastus whether I were friendly and gracious or cool and distant. It certainly did not now.

I was vexed at myself for the pain this caused me. If I really cared for him, I thought, I should at once desert; I would not court a truce regard. But he had treated me with such fickleness—offered me everything one week and withdrawn everything the next. I should not have complained had he continued my friend; but to sink at once to such entire inconstancy was too much. My pride rebelled at the idea of such defeat.

So I renewed my warfare. Such stores of wit and accomplishment as I possessed were brought forth—and to what purpose? One of her incoherent, artless remarks outweighed it all. She had a beautiful, sincere nature; I acknowledged that its charm was genuine, and deserved, perhaps, to triumph. Not the less was I eager to reclaim my own. I was even guilty of the meanness of trying to outshine her in my dress. It was not difficult, for I was rich, and she was poor. What did bright-hued silks and sparkling jewels do for me? Her soft outlines, her pure tints, remained the same. Should the tulip flaunt in her gaudiest colors, the violet is only sylvester and more modest by contrast.

And then—just by the merest chance—I learned something of the history of the man I had refused. Then for the first I knew how much of real worth his old demeanor had obscured; what active, unassuming goodness dwelt under that seeming indolence and impassivity. Why could I not have heard it before! Perhaps—but no, of course my answer must always have been the same. Only I should have understood better the value of the offering; tempered my refusal with more of the gratitude that became me. I recalled with shame the envious rivalry of these later weeks. It smote me with a pang that Alice Saye deserved his friendship far better than I. Why was I not willing to resign it to her?

I was, as my decision after some inward strife. Here I am superfluous and unamiable. At home I can compose myself to receive wedding-cards, if it comes to that.

Julia heard the announcement with friendly opposition, but I bore it down. Erastus said nothing. Did I suppose he would?

When we were alone he condescended a remark. "There will be one less at our gatherings."

"How flattering!" I responded, with assumed playfulness and secret acrimony. "One less!"

"You expected me to say, instead, how much we should miss you?"

"Not at all. I don't wish any sacrifices of truth to be compelled."

"The fact is," continued Erastus, meditatively, "that Miss Saye has rather taken the wind out of your sails—with Julia—or did at first. I think the earlier enthusiasm is cooling down, though, and you might as well remain." What an allusion for him to make! Miss Saye—with Julia!

"Thank you," was my hasty answer. "I have no desire to await the sober second-thought of any one's regard."

If you did not wish Erastus to take up a remark, it was better not to make it. He understood and replied to this at once.

"What would you have?" he inquired. "You rejected the best I could offer you."

This was coming to the heart of the matter at once. I was covered with confusion—yet perhaps there was a secret relief at the outspoken question.

"What would I have?" I stammered. "I would have a little—"

"And here I was about to enter my complaint. But no, this would never do. It was not my part to lead him to an explanation. 'I don't want anything,' was the conclusion of the sentence."

"Your wishes have been pretty well met, then, all along?"

Such rudeness was unbearable; he might have shown a little interest, a little consideration. I turned to leave the room.

"Pray don't go," he said. "Now, Helen, be reasonable. You rejected my regard, but you don't seem willing that another should accept it. Is that fair? Is that honorable?"

"It isn't that—but to be so entirely put aside—to be made nothing when I thought we were such friends—"

"Oh, then it is not my attachment to Miss Saye that you complain of, but only my undue neglect, as you take it, of yourself. But you ought to look at the other side. How under such circumstances, would Miss Saye be likely to regard attentions to another lady—an earlier flame and all that?"

This was more than I expected. I had thought all the time that if it ever came to an open discussion I might find there was some mistake—and now he avowed it. Very well.

"I must go, really," I said. "My opinion is of no consequence."

"Perhaps not. You are very fickle."

"I fickle!" was my indignant exclamation. "I do not think it is you who should make the charge."

"And why?" he asked. "Who has a better right?" I was silent. "Of all men," he said, "I am the most constant. Proof? I have never wavered a moment in the attachment formed two years ago, and announced to you a few weeks since."

I started and looked at him in astonishment.

"And you, Helen," he continued, taking my hand, "are you equally reliable? Or, may I hope that you are fickle, as I said, and a little less determined than you were the other day?"

I began to comprehend both him and myself. Was this what I had wanted all the time? Did I really care for his love? Could I be so inconsistent? I feared it. Indeed, for a thrill of happiness went through my heart to which it had long been a stranger.

"No answer for me?" he asked.

"I am not fickle," I said, pulling to pieces Julia's finest gemstone-blossom, which stood unfortunately near. "But people have a right to change their minds upon reflection."

And then, the past faded away; its sad ghost no longer haunted me, forbidding joy. The present shone on me with a strange, peaceful brightness. The warm hand that clasped my own had led me forth from shadow into sun.

Julia came in; she saw the wreck of the gemstone.

"That must have been your work, destructive one," she said, and scolded me with laughing eyes.

A great charity toward Alice Saye came over me. What a sweet girl. But might she not have misunderstood the meaning of these weeks?

"Erastus," I said, trying to be severe, "you were very bad to both of us. What could induce such conduct?"

He smiled.

"I am not much of a lady's man—not well versed in the tactics that conquer a fair woman's heart. But is it not the first principle of jealousy is a powerful ally? It was on that assumption that I acted."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, reproachfully, "were you not above employing a stratagem so stale?"

"Not more than you were above being subdued by his bright galaxy."

"But are you sure," I asked, anxiously, "that Alice did not mistake your meaning?"

"Yes, if she understands the use of language; I told her of my regard for you the second time we met; it was the unaltered theme of discourse whenever we were together."

"And I thought you indifferent, ready to forget?"

"You had so little faith! You really supposed I could relinquish my gaze at the first word of discouragement? Oh, Helen!"

It was the last time I could complain of coldness. What a love henceforth surrounded me, what a home was ours! How softly the golden years lapsed by, how summer shone perpetual in our hearts!

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LOOK OUT FOR IT!

MY BABY.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

Oh, where did the spirit of my little one dwell
Ere it donned these soft robes of my own?
Who gave it the power, 'neath mortality's spell,
Thus to enter this world, all alone?

It existed before I, why should it know
So much of this world, its joys and its woe?
Which has opened a fountain life's surface below,
Fed with a Florian Spring.

Who taught thee, my darling, so soon to create
Joy, fraught with such wonderful power,
That once it exists, it will never abate,
But increase with each sweet passing hour?

And why is thy cooling more eloquent far

which, if heard beyond its walls, would not be well for its owner.

More than half-time, however, the poacher's dwelling is deserted, and the night is dark. By day, its door stands wide open, and the tenant is abroad. Then only a rough lurcher dog—a dangerous animal, too—is guardian of the place. Not that there are any chateaux to tempt the cupid of the kleptomaniac. The most valuable movable inside were not worth carrying away; and outside is but the coracle standing in a lean-to shed, propped up by its paddle. It is not always there, and, when absent it may be concluded that its owner is on some expedition up, down, or across the river. Nor is the dog always at home; its absence proclaiming the owner engaged in the terrestrial branch of his profession—running down hares or rabbits.

It is the night of the same day that has seen the remains of Mary Morgan consigned to their resting-place in the burying-ground of the Rugg's Ferry chapel. A wild night it has turned out, dark and stormy. The autumnal equinox is on, and its gales have commenced stripping the trees of their foliage. Around the dwelling of Dick Dempsey the fallen leaves lie thick, covering the ground as with a carpet of gold, at intervals torn to shreds, as the wind swirls them up and holds them suspended.

Every now and then they are driven against the door, which is shut, but not locked. The hump is hanging loose, the padlock with its bowled bolt open. The Coracle is seen standing upright in the shed, the lurcher not anywhere outside—for the animal is within, lying upon the hearth in front of a cheerful fire. And before the same sits its master, regarding a pot which hangs over it on hooks; at intervals lifting off the lid, and stirring the contents with a long-handled spoon, while the fire burns on. These might be told by the aroma; a stew, smelling strongly of onions with game savour conjoined. Ground game at that, for Coracle is in the act of "jugging" a hare. Handier to no man than him were the recipe of Mrs. Glass, for he comes up with the hare, and then, even the primary and essential one—knows how to catch his hare as well as cook it.

The stew is done, dished, and set steaming upon the table, where already has been placed a plate—the time-honored willow pattern—with a knife and fork, and a tumbler. There is more than a jug of water, a bottle containing brandy, and a tumbler.

Drawing his chair up, Coracle commences eating. The hare is a young one—a leveret he has just taken from the stubble—tender and juicy—delicious, and the lurcher not anywhere outside—for the animal is within, lying upon the hearth in front of a cheerful fire. And before the same sits its master, regarding a pot which hangs over it on hooks; at intervals lifting off the lid, and stirring the contents with a long-handled spoon, while the fire burns on. These might be told by the aroma; a stew, smelling strongly of onions with game savour conjoined. Ground game at that, for Coracle is in the act of "jugging" a hare. Handier to no man than him were the recipe of Mrs. Glass, for he comes up with the hare, and then, even the primary and essential one—knows how to catch his hare as well as cook it.

At such intervals the expression upon his countenance is that of the keenest apprehension; and as a gust of wind, unusually violent, drives a leafy branch in loud clasp against the door, he starts in his chair, and the lurcher, as if by a policeman's whistle, comes to a halt. This night the poacher is suffering from no ordinary fear of being summoned for game trespass. Were that all, he could eat his leveret as composedly as if it had been regularly purchased and paid for. But there is more upon his mind; the dread of a writ being presented to him, with shackles at the same time—of being taken handcuffed to the county jail—thence before a court of assize—and finally to the scaffold!

He has reason to apprehend all this. Notwithstanding his deep cunning, and the dexterity with which he accomplished his great crime, a man must have witnessed it. Above the roar of the torrent, mingling with the cries of the drowning girl as she struggled against it, were shouts in a man's voice, which he feared to be that of Father Rogier. From what he has since heard he is now certain of it. The corner's inquest, at which he was not present, but whose report has reached him, puts that beyond doubt. His only uncertainty is, whether Rogier saw him by the footbridge, or if he was to recognize him. True, the priest has nothing said of him at the quest; for all he, Coracle, has his suspicions; now torturing him almost as much as if sure that he was detected tampering with the plank. No wonder he eats his supper with little relish, or that after every few mouthfuls he takes a swallow of the brandy, with a view to keeping up his spirits.

Withal he has no remorse. When he recalls the hastily-exchanged speeches he overheard upon Garraan-hill, with that more prolonged dialogue under the crying-tree, the expression upon his features is not one of repentance, but of devilish satisfaction at the fell deed he has done. Not that his vengeance is yet satisfied. It will not be till he has the other life—that of Jack Wingate. He has dealt the young waterman a blow in the face, and he will not rest himself, only by dealing a deadlier one will his own sufferings be relieved. He has been long plotting his rival's death, but without seeing a safe way to accomplish it. And now the thing seems no nearer than ever—this night further off. In his present position, he would be too glad to cry quits, and let Wingate live!

Starting at every sigh of the wind, he proceeds with his supper, hastily devouring it, like a wild beast; and when at length finished, he sets the dish upon the floor, and, lighting his pipe, and drawing the bottle nearer to his hand, he sits for a while smoking.

Not long before being interrupted by a noise at the door; this time no stroke of wind-tossed waif, but a touch of knuckles. Though slight and barely audible, the dog barks in a low, hoarse knock, as shown by his behavior. Dropping the half-gnawed bone, and springing to its feet, the animal gives out an angry growling.

Its master has himself started from his chair, and stands trembling. There is a slit of a door at back convenient for escape; a bare, scanty hair on it, as though he had half a mind to make exit that way. He would blow out the light were it a candle; but cannot as it is the fire, whose fagots are still brightly ablaze.

While thus undecided, he hears the knock repeated; this time louder, and with the accompaniment of a voice, saying: "Open your door, Monsieur Dick."

Not a policeman, then; only the priest!

CHAPTER XXVII.

A MYSTERIOUS CONTRACT.

"ONLY the priest!" muttered Coracle to himself, but little better satisfied than if it were the policeman.

Giving the lurcher a kick to quiet the animal, he pulls back the bolt, and draws open the door, as he does so asking, "That you, Father Rogier?"

"C'est moi," answers the priest, stepping in without invitation. "Ah! mon braconnier! you're having something nice for supper. Judging by the aroma *ragout* of hare. Hope I haven't disturbed you. Is it hare?"

"It was your reverence, a bit of leveret."

"Was! You've finished then. Is it all gone?"

"It is. The dog had the remains of it, as ye see."

He points to the dish on the floor.

"I'm sorry at that, but I rather a relish for leveret. It can't be helped, however."

"I wish I'd known ye were comin'. Dang the dog!"

No, no! Don't blame the poor dumb brute. No doubt, it too has a taste for hare, seeing it's half-brother. I suppose leverets are plentiful just now, and easily caught, since they can no longer retreat to the standing corn?"

"Yes, your reverence. There be a good when o' them about."

"In that case, if you should stumble upon one, and bring it to my house, I'll have it judged for myself. By the way, what have you got in that black jack?"

"It's brandy."

"Well, Monsieur Dick, I'll thank you for a mouthful."

"Will you take it neat, or mixed w' a drop o' water?"

"Neat—raw. The night's that, and the two raws will neutralize one another. I feel chilled to the bones, and a little fatigued, toiling against the storm."

"It be a fearsome night. I wonder at your reverendness bein' out—exposin' yourself in such weather?"

"All weathers are alike to me—when duty calls. Just now I'm abroad on a little matter of business that won't brook delay."

"Business—w' me?"

"No, you, mon braconnier!"

"What may it be, your reverence?"

"Sit down, and I shall tell you. It's too important to be discussed standing."

The introductory dialogue does not tranquilize the poacher; instead, further intensifies his fears. Obsequious, he takes his seat at the table, the priest planting himself on the other, the glass of brandy within reach of his hand.

After a sip, he resumes speech with the remark:

"If I mistake not, you are a poor man, Monsieur Dempsey?"

"You ain't no ways mistaken 'bout that, Father Rogier."

"And you'd like to be a rich one?"

Thus encouraged, the poacher's face lights up a little. Smilingly he makes reply:

"I can't say as I'd have any particular objection to it, but I like it where it will do well."

"You can be, if so inclined."

"I'm ever so inclined, as I've said. But how, your reverence? In this hard work-o'-day world 'tain't so easy to get rich."

"For you, easy enough. No labor and not much more difficulty than transporting your coracle five or six miles across the meadows."

"Somethin' to do w' the coracle, have it?"

"No; 'twill need a bigger boat—one that will carry three or four people. Do you know where you can borrow such, or hire it?"

"I don't do. I've a friend, the name o' Rob Trotter, who's got just such a boat. He'd lend it me, sure."

"Charter it, if he doesn't. Never mind about the price. I'll pay."

"When might you want it, your reverence?"

"On Thursday night, at ten, or a little later—say half-past."

"And where am I to bring it?"

"To the Ferry; you'll have it against the bank by the back of the Chapel burying-ground, and keep it there till I come to you. Don't leave it to go to the Harp, or anywhere else; and don't let any one see either the boat or yourself, if you can possibly avoid it. As the nights are now dark at that hour, there need be no difficulty in your rowing up the river without being observed. Above all, you're to make no use of the wiser of what you do, or anything of the sort, saying to you. The service I want you to do is one of a secret kind, and not to be prattled about."

"May I have a hint o' what it is?"

"Not now; you shall know in good time—when you meet me. With the boat, then, will be another along with me—maybe two—to assist in the affair. What will be required of you is a little dexterity, such as you displayed on Saturday night."

No need the emphasis on the last words to impress the poacher with the importance of the matter. He comprehends, starting in his chair as if a hornet had stung him.

"How—where?" he gasps out in the confusion of terror.

The double interrogation is but mechanical, and of no consequence. Hopeless any attempt at concealment or subterfuge; as he is aware on receiving the answer, cool and provokingly deliberate:

"You have asked two questions, Monsieur Dick, that call for separate replies. To the first, 'How?' I leave you to grope out the answer for yourself, feeling pretty sure you'll find it. With the second I'll be more particular, if you wish me. Place—where a certain foot-plank bridges a certain brook, close to the farmhouse of Abernham. It—the plank, I mean—last Saturday night, a little after nine, took a fancy to go drifting down the Wye. Need I tell you who sent it, Richard Dempsey?"

The man thus interrogated looks more than confused—horrible, well-nigh crazed. Excitedly stretching out his hand, he clutches the bottle, half fills the tumbler with brandy, and drinks it down at a gulp. He almost wishes it were poison, and would instantly kill him!

Only after dashing the glass down does he make reply—sullenly, and in a hoarse, husky voice:

"I don't want to know, or way or the other. Curse the plank! What do I care?"

"You shouldn't blaspheme, Monsieur Dick. That's not becoming—above all, in the presence of your spiritual adviser. However, you're excited, as I see, which is in some sense an excuse. I beg your reverence's pardon. I was a bit excited about something."

He has calmed down a little, at thought that things may not be so bad for him after all. The priest's last words, with his manner, seem to promise secrecy. Still further quieted as the latter continues:

"Never mind about what. We can talk of it afterward. On Thursday night you shall have an opportunity to make some atonement. So, be there with the boat!"

"I will your reverence; sure as my name's Richard Dempsey."

Tide of him to be thus earnest in promising. He can be trusted to come as if led in a string. For he knows there is a halter round his neck, with one end of it in the hand of Father Rogier.

"Enough!" returns the priest. "If there be anything else I think of communicating to you, I'll come again—on Thursday night. So be at home. Meanwhile, see to securing the boat. Don't let there be any failure about that, *coute que coute*. And let me again enjoin silence—not a word to any one, even your friend Rob. *Verbum sapienti*—or, put it in your own vernacular, I mean: keep close mouth, if you don't wish to wear a necktie of material somewhat coarser than either silk or cotton. You comprehend?"

To the priest's satirical humor the poacher answers, with a sickly smile:

"I do, Father Rogier, perfectly."

"That's sufficient. And now, mon braconnier, I must be gone. Before starting out, however, I'll trench a little further on your hospitality. Just another drop, to defend me from these chill equinoctials."

Saying which, he leans toward the table, pours out a stoop of the brandy—best cognac from the Harp—it is then quaffing it off, bids *bon soir*, and takes departure.

Having accompanied him to the door, the poacher stands upon its threshold looking after, watching him pass, and at any moment may pleasantly. Never took he leave of a guest less agreeable. True, things are not quite so bad as he might have expected, and had reason to anticipate. And yet they are bad enough. He is in the toils—the tough, strong meshes of the criminal law, with at any moment may be drawn tight and fast around him; and between policeman and priest there is little to choose. For his own purposes the latter may allow him to live; but it will be as the life of one who has sold his soul to the devil!

While thus gloomily cogitating he hears a sound, which but makes still more sadder the hue of his thoughts. A voice comes pealing up the glen—a wild, wailing cry, as of some one in the extreme of distress. He can almost fancy it the shriek of a drowning woman. But his ears are too much accustomed to nocturnal sounds, and the voices of the woods, to be deceived. That heard was only a little unusual by reason of the rough night—its tone altered by the whistling of the wind.

"Bah!" he exclaims, recognizing the voice of the "screaming owl," "it's only one of the cursed brutes. What a fool fear makes a man!"

And with this he turns back into the house, rebolts the door and goes to his bed; not to sleep, but lie low—was kept so by that same fear.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE GAME OF PIQUE.

The sun has gone down upon Gwen Wynn's natal day—its twenty-first anniversary—and Llangorwen Court is in a blaze of light. For a grand entertainment is there being given—a ball.

The night is a dark one; but its darkness does not interfere with the festivities; instead, heightens their splendor by giving credit to the illuminations. For although autumn, the weather is still warm, and the grounds are illuminated. Particolored lamps are placed at intervals along the walks, and suspended in festoonery from the trees, while the casement windows of the house stand open, people peering in to look at them as if they were doors. The drawing-room is this night devoted to dancing; its carpet taken up, the floor made as slippery as a skating rink with beeswax—abominable custom! Though a large apartment, it does not afford space for half the guests who are invited to remedy this, supplementary quadrilles are arranged on the smooth turf outside—a string and wind band from the neighboring town making music loud enough for all.

Besides, all do not care for the delightful exercise. A sumptuous spread in the dining-room, with wines at discretion, attracts a proportion of the guests; while there are others who have a fancy to go strolling about the lawn, even beyond the coruscation of the lamps; some who do not think it too dark anywhere, but the darker the better.

The star of the east half the shire is present, and Miss Linton, who is still the hostess, reigns supreme in fine exuberance of spirits. Being the last entertainment at Llangorwen over which she is officially to preside, one might imagine she would take things in a different way. But as she is to remain resident at the Court, with privileges but slightly, if at all, curtailed, she has no gloomy forecast of the future. Instead, on this night present she lives as in the past; almost fancies herself back at Cheltenham in its days of splendor, and dancing with the "fairies" in the garden.

It is a lovely night, and the stars are going down, it is going in glory, as the song of the swan is sweetest in its dying hour.

Strange, that on such a festive occasion, with its circumstances attendant, the old spinster, hitherto mistress of the mansion, should be happier than the young ones, and happier to be but a truth, it is. Notwithstanding her great beauty and grand wealth—the latter no longer in prospective, but in actual possession—despite the gaiety and grandeur surrounding her, the friendly greetings and warm congratulations received on all sides—Gwen Wynn is not everything but gay. Instead, sad, almost to wretchedness!

And from the most trifling of causes, though not as by her estimate; little suspecting she has but herself to blame. It has arisen out of an episode, which, in its history, is not long, but which, in its consequences, is of the most serious nature—the game of pique.

She and Captain Ryecroft are playing it, with all the power and skill they can command. Not much of the last, for jealousy is but a clumsy fencer. Though accounted keen, it is often blind as to the real game, and in the intervals between the moves, she is busy with the game of the heart.

She began it, conversing too familiarly, as Captain Ryecroft imagined—all this with an "engagement ring" on her finger, by herself placed upon it—not strange in him, thus, *fiancee*, feeling a little jealous; no more that he should endeavor to make her the same. Strategy, old this, but new to her, she was not to be outwitted.

In his attempt he is, unfortunately, too successful; finding the means near by—an assistant willing and ready to his hand. This in the person of Miss Powell; she also went to church on the Sunday before last, in Jack Wingate's boat, and was very much attracted to make it a nice point whether she or Gwen Wynn be the attraction of the evening.

Though only just introduced, the Hussar officer is not unknown to her by name, with some reputation of his hero's best. His only acquaintance with her is that of a friend, and in the intervals between the moves, she is busy with the game of the heart.

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Sunshine Papers.

The Why It Should Be So.

THE desire to be pretty is a ruling passion with women. To possess a fine figure, blooming complexion, abundant hair, bright eyes, thick brows and long lashes, red lips and spotless skin, and dainty hands and feet, many young ladies deem the most desirable objects in life. If a girl is pretty she imagines that she will fall heir to every other good—that she will have the world at her feet; that she will be admired, complimented, courted, loved; that women will envy her, men will rave over her, and she will make a brilliant match, choosing the most devoted, handsome and wealthy of husbands from among at least several scores of suitors. It matters not how often you insist that "beauty is but skin deep," or observe that "handsome is who handsome does," or suggest that

"Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll; Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul"—that pretty woman will be convinced that she

fairly visions she has founded upon her belief in the power of her charms can fade away un-realized! That beauty is a "fatal gift!" That it is but a "frail and weary weed in which God dresses the soul, which he has called into time!" That a fair face is of infinite less value than a well cultivated mind and gentle, graceful manners! Has she not noticed how unfavourably men admire a handsome form and pretty features—how potent is the influence wielded by fair women?

And so she and all her sisterhood continue to sigh for beauty, and to ask for recipes for whitening the skin, and brightening the eyes, and improving the figure, despite Byron's warning and Michael Angelo's supreme contempt, and the simple but unadulterated philosophy of the homely old saws. And, after all, the dear young ladies make a mistake. Not a mistake in endeavoring to render themselves as beautiful and perfect, physically, as it is possible to be, but in the incentive force prompting these endeavors and the supposition that all mankind are as much slaves to feminine beauty as their excessive praise of it would seem to indicate.

Beauty, whether it is in a picture, or a human face, appeals pleasantly to every eye, and is a source of delight to every heart. Love for the beautiful is implanted in every soul, and there is not a human being so brutish as to be quite insensible to its influence; women, themselves, are peculiarly sensitive to the power of beauty, even in a rival's form or features, though contemptible jealousies and hatred may seal their lips concerning it; it is strange, then, that men of coarser clay, and rougher mold, and unbiased by mean prejudices and degradation, should so fully express their admiration of a starry sparkle in a lady's eye, or a rose-tint blooming in her cheek, or the perfect curves and outlines of her form, as of the shining globes of night, the queen-flower of the garden, or the fairest marble fancy evolved by sculptor's chisel! However much men may praise feminine beauty, let girls not make the mistake of deeming them incapable of appreciating domestic virtues, attractive manners, conversational abilities, and intellectual culture. While an occasional masculine may be so foolish as to allow himself to marry a pretty face, only to learn that prettiness is of little account unsustained by other attributes, the majority of them only desire beauty in connection with more lasting recommendations.

Neither Mr. Editor, (I am sure I may answer for him) nor I, condemn girls for desiring to have bright eyes, lovely hair, charming complexions, but for seeking through these, selfish, vain, and ignoble ends—to excite envy, to exert cruel power, to gain adulation and flattery, to effect a convenient marriage. Woman should be beautiful. It is one of her divine rights. That any of God's creatures inheriting His image, are ugly, is the result of defiance of laws of morality and of nature. And women should aim to make their faces and forms as lovely as possible just as they should aim to be as intelligent and agreeable as possible. Physical culture and mental culture should go hand in hand.

Said a lady to me, recently—a lady of good family, of refinement, intelligence, and culture—"I think there is no gift I so desire as beauty. Every one admires pretty women, and instinctively likes them. A pretty woman is sure to make friends, and be loved." To a degree this is certainly true. Beautiful women are as much a source of pleasure as beautiful paintings; moreover, they may exert wondrous influence for good, if they will. "But," there is something irresistible in a beautiful form; the most severe will not pretend that they do not feel an immediate prepossession in favor of the handsome. No one denies them the privilege of being first heard, and being regarded before others in matters of ordinary consideration." And yet

"Know'st not that beauty will take cold; will have the toothache; will catch a fever? That its pretty cheek will wither in a night; and that, in brief, it is a thing in value vanishing. As a little merchandise which rates to-day enormously—the next may be selling for nothing. And, worse than all, that its chief merit lies in wishing, not possessing; coveted, but purchase measureless—obtained, worth nothing."

So beauty should not be sought alone, nor valued too highly; remember what a writer of noble rank has said: "Beauty is a dangerous property, soon losing its influence over the husband. The graces lose not their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband more than at first. Love, like fire, the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished." And Raleigh's pithy declaration: "Remember if thou marry for beauty, thou hinderest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will never last; but if thou marry for love, it will be to thee of no price at all;" and seek to be loved with that higher order of passion which demands the better satisfying food of kindly disposition, agreeable manners, solid accomplishments, and intellectual companionship.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

UNWRITTEN LIVES.

If every one were to write out their life histories, what an insight we should get into the struggles and successes of private individuals! Little incidents, which seem trifling in themselves but when massed together would give us many a life lesson, point out to us which road to take and which path to avoid, by reading of those who have traveled over them.

A lady friend of mine, a good worker in many good causes, and one who has, by word and deed, encouraged others to succeed, because she knows that success depends on this encouragement, could tell many tales of deprivations of her early life, when she and the "Great West" were both young. She could tell you of the mornings when she awoke to find her bed covered with drifted snow; could tell you how manuscript was written with beamed fingers, and when her articles were complete she had to wait weeks ere she could raise sufficient money to defray the postage on the same; how she was accused of the folly of wasting her time in writing; how people discouraged her, but how she struggled on, believing she could succeed if she tried; how every rejected manuscript caused her to be more careful and painstaking; how she did succeed at last and how many comforts she was enabled to get by her pen and brain. She battled against every discouragement, and she might be a rich woman to-day were she niggardly and had withheld her power of doing good.

I have often heard her say: "How I wish I were rich, for there are so many good souls I want to help," and all the while she is doing all she can. She laughs at the idea of writing her life, but it has been so full of cheering words and helping deeds it should be written.

I could tell you of another whose life seems

all of sadness, so much of grief has been crowded into it; but with such sweet resignation does she bear her ills as would shame those who complain without a cause. I often think such cases are placed before us to show how much misery we are spared, and to make us the more fully appreciate the blessings which are given us. It calls to mind a remark once made to me by one of my young friends, well worthy of being repeated here:

"It is not strange that so much trouble and sorrow should be the lot of some, while the crosses of others are so light they scarcely feel their weight!" I think it is. But, mark the difference between one whose life has been all sunshine and one who has endured trials and suffered much. What a wide contrast! God does not permit us to bear these troubles to no purpose, for, I believe, we are truly better and wiser for having passed through them.

"Bear well, then, thy sorrow; 'twill not be in vain; Golden the sunset after the rain! Look up in your sadness to Heaven above; Bright the to-morrow; trust in God's love."

Who can too much praise the self-sacrificing lives, those who wear themselves out in the service of others and in doing good for those who never have so much as a "thank you" in return? I knew just such a personage once. To be sure she was homely in face, awkward in figure, dull in conversation and not brilliant in her ideas, but she possessed a good and honest heart, was willing to toil and drudge to make others happier and their lot smoother. She only wanted a few kind words and those were denied her. It was easy enough to blame her for her errors, but so hard to praise her when she needed and deserved that praise. She was unappreciated and unloved until death came to her release. Then her relatives stood over her coffin and only realized the worth of the treasure when it was taken from them.

"Oh! how we miss her," they exclaimed; "she would have laid down her life for us."

And she had laid down her life for them; she had actually worn herself out for them, and they might have made her life path happier had they but been more thoughtful.

It is not only the lives of the great that should be written and yet it is, for are not the good always great? It seems to me so, and these lives are always written, if not on perishable paper or on marble, even in the great book of Life, and penned by angels' hands. We think these lives so uneventful because their deeds are not paraded forth in the glare of day; we think these deeds of no value because they are "so humble," but we never stop to think whether or no our deeds—so few, when taken altogether—are even as acceptable in the Creator's eyes as those of the most humble.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Remarkable Family.

I REMEMBER in my youth of frequently hearing of a certain family by the name of—of—well, I can't see how it should escape me so. Oh, yes, it was S-Smith. Smith was the name, but I have long since come to the conclusion that the family had died out, or all gone West to grow up with the country so far that they were lost sight of. Smith? Yes, that is the name. I remember that at the time there were a great many of them. I have been much grieved over the extinction of the family, and was on the point of growing despondent when lately a family by the name of—name of Smith moved into the house next to ours, and I felt much relieved to find such a living remnant of that long-lost family.

There are only nine children in it, and I am proud to say that the Smith family is destined to rise and regain its lost supremacy, generally, but whether it is, I cannot say. For they claim that one of Noah's sons was a Smith, but whether it is, I cannot say. For they claim that one of Noah's sons was a Smith, but whether it is, I cannot say. For they claim that one of Noah's sons was a Smith, but whether it is, I cannot say.

The oldest boy, aged seventeen, has a great tendency toward the higher branches—of my pear and apple tree, where I frequently discover him deeply engaged in his favorite pursuit. He is rapidly learning—which trees bear the best fruit, though really I am forced to object to bearing the expenses of his education. He is great on putting down facts—and fruit, generally, and a mathematician has few equals; he can calculate to a minute almost just the time when I will come home, and sell him. He is greatly filial in his affections, and lives on the interest of the old man, whom he would not leave even if it was to go to work and earn his own living. He is very scientific and experimental, and is deeply engaged in trying to find out whether it is as injurious as some people say to sleep so long in the morning, or to eat more than you need though not as much as you want. He intends, when he gets older, to publish his opinions in book form. He has a great taste for the pure and the good—in the line of something to eat, and shows great precocity in mastering the good, bad and indifferent languages, and will soon graduate. You cannot say that he is a slow young man by any means; a little acquaintance will convince you readily that he is quite fast, and with all his talents and genius I am certain in saying that if he keeps on in the way he is going, he will some day get there.

The next one is a boy somewhat older than his father but nominally about fifteen. He evinces a decided talent for geology or the science of rocks, and is evidently studying for a Yale professorship. He gathers rocks and pelts my pigs with the most studious assiduity. He also exhibits an energetic propensity to collect antiquities, and will, before long, be an antiquarian of the first order. What I mean to imply is that he collects rare antiques in the shape of old cans, old bones, old hoop-skirts, etc., and has established his cabinet in my yard where he deposits all such curiosities, and I think that one of these days if he keeps on he will be a very rare and scarce antiquarian—if I get hold of him.

The next is a girl of about fourteen short summers, and she will be and is a musician of the highest scale, and on the piano can go from the very lowest note up to the very highest without any trouble—except to their neighbors. She is an incessant student, and all day long runs up and down the scale with the greatest of ease, and the time is getting so monotonous that when she makes the mistake of a note the variation is so delightful that all the neighbors run out and applaud her by clapping their hands, and yell for her to play that over again. Her voice is of the highest order; in fact, it is about the highest voice I ever experienced. She is destined to make a success as an operator in the opera.

The next is—a Smith boy of twelve. He is a discoverer, as he can discover every hen's nest around my barn. He has a most wonderful memory, and when he borrows my ax he never forgets to bring it back. At school all he has to do is to read his lesson over once and he knows just as much about it almost as he did before or since. I think he will maintain the glory of the Smiths as a great chemist, as he is always making tests with chemicals. Only the other day I heard my watch-dog barking and whining, and saw him reaching to the end of his chain after something. I went to see what was the matter and saw he was after a piece of fresh meat. I kicked it within his reach and he ate it, and in half an hour I was greatly in need of a new dog. I found that this young Smith had been testing the sedative powers of a certain drug. I think he will make a great man in his line.

The next is a boy of ten years of age who will spread the name of the family over the world as a navigator and be as famous as Americus Columbus. He is always in the gutter, and his propensity for mud and water is very remarkable; and in the gutter he can already manage a shingle as well as a captain can manage a man-of-war. He will fight his way through all obstacles through this world and make the name of—of Smith a synonym of power. He already licks my little boy every day of the week, and does it to perfection; this, with his nautical talent, I think I am safe in saying that I could bet the last cent I haven't got on it that he will be a great naval commander by the name of—of Smith.

Then comes a girl of eight who will be a great artist if nothing prevents to the contrary notwithstanding. She has a decided taste for pictures, and actually tears them out of her books to chew them up for the benefit of her palette, and with a blacking-brush and the box of blacking she touched up lately all the family pictures so perfectly that you could almost tell who was which, or which was which.

The next is a boy of five but he yells all day like forty and screams like sixty. His voice will be recognized when he is a man. Everything about his manner is girlish and his tactics are at heart the boy's who will eventually develop into the man's, and if she grows and nothing comes to prevent him from arriving at his high destiny I think that she will—or he will—or she—Let us pause. I think I am getting things a little mixed—but the child is a—Smith nevertheless, and that's enough.

The next is a boy of three. If he lives he is destined to become a man, and if he continues he will be a great help to the provision trade, and our exportations to England will materially fall off. He will be a great patriot, and already his cry for Freedom is very loud in the land of his birth. His tendency is not to rise, but rather to go down, as he is always tumbling. The dirt which he wears on his face is not natural; you must not think it.

The last one is the baby, who—But I must stop since it has begun. Were you here you would need no description of it.

The Smith family is not extinct by any means.

WASHINGTON WHITEOAK.

EUREKA! EXCELSIOR!

A Respectable Paper for Young Americans, at last!

THE YOUNG NEW YORKER:

A Boys' Story Paper and World of Sport.

LOOK OUT FOR IT!

Topics of the Time.

—Peter Cooper is eighty-eight, and as fresh as if only turning the quarter pole. He has been a hatter, coach-maker, grocer, glue-maker, philanthropist, and Presidential candidate.

—Jesse Pomeroy, the Massachusetts boy murderer, is fortunately still in State Prison. Recently, when some one gave him a kitten for a pet, he flayed it alive with the knife and provided for his meals. Two holes started in the sides of his cell for escape have also been discovered.

—Capt. Tyson, just returned from his cruise in high latitudes, doubts the existence of an open Polar Sea. He says it is impossible for it to exist in a land which has no sun six months in the year, and where the cold is so intense as it is in the vicinity of the Pole. He says that he can be water there, but believes it is choked with immense masses of floating ice.

—The champion rabbit-slayer of Connecticut lives in Putnam. A careful estimate of the number killed, running over a period of twenty years, looks up over sixteen thousand. The best half-day's work was in '74, when sixty-five fell victims to the unerring aim of a well-trained and sure-shooting ferret. Rifles and shotguns are at a discount in Connecticut, where they make them. Ferrets do the hunting there, while the hunter sits on a log and eats pumpkin pies.

—A French scientist describes a simple way of seeing stereoscopic pictures without the use of lenses, and without any straining of the eyes. The two pictures are to be mounted with an interval between them of about an inch and a half. Then by means of a partition between the pictures and the eyes, on the ordinary skeleton stereoscope the two parts are so separated that the right eye shall see only the right picture and the left eye the left picture. When this is done the two pictures will combine just as easily as with an ordinary stereoscope.

—It is not long since several cases of arsenical poisoning were traced to the wearing of scarlet and blue stockings. Next came a case in which the mischief was traced to a highly-colored hat. Recently English and German papers have called attention to dangerous gloves. In *The London Times* a writer describes the poisonous effect of a pair of the fashionable "bronze green" silk gloves, when worn by a member of his family. A German medical journal reports a case of serious poisoning by a pair of navy-blue kids. Dress goods of woolen, silk and cotton have been found to contain arsenic in dangerous quantities; so also gentlemen's underclothing, socks, hat-linings and the linings of boots and shoes.

A European Christian has been converted to Buddhism and formally installed into the priesthood in Siam. He is an Austrian by birth and has been a Roman Catholic. He is a man of rare attainments in science, literature and art; a perfect draughtsman, an accomplished linguist, and a thorough scientist; with powers of memory and acquisition so strong that he picked up the Siamese language in a very few months, although it is the most difficult of all the Eastern tongues, not even excepting the Chinese. His avowed object is to get a more thorough knowledge of the Buddhist religion, which can only be obtained in the higher grades of the priesthood. That some motive of this kind, rather than a devout conviction of the deity of Buddha, influenced his course was so strongly suspected by the principal members of the hierarchy that for a long time he was unable to obtain admittance to a temple. The King took compassion on him and allowed him to pass his novitiate in his own magnificent place of worship, situated in the palace grounds. The installation took place, with even more than the usual barbaric grandeur. The procession was a most magnificent one, and the bands of music belonging to both Kings filled the streets with music day and night.

Readers and Contributors

Accepted: "Hated;" "A Tale of Two Cities;" "A Damsel in Distress;" "St. Ermine's Wager;" "Mother Sargeant's New Hired Girl;" "Little Queen Bee;" "Gussie's Happy Escape;" "Dreaming;" "That Horrid Dinner;" "The End of Old Bush;" "A Tent in Paradise;" "My Week Out;" "Mason-Free."

Declined: "The Scholar;" "Ode to Custer;" "Aunt M's Spinster;" "St. Ermine's Wager;" "The Unwelcome Gift;" "Annie's Wedding Day;" "The Fatal Denial;" "A Good Injun;" "The New Gospel of Desires;" "A Lady and a Gentleman;" "Speaking Off-Hand;" "Why Will She Not?" "Rose-Grief."

To writers for the press again we say *never* use pale ink, under any pretext; it makes abominable copy.

E. C. The "Ode" is declined because we have had quite enough poems on that theme. The sketch is rather crude. Custer's remains are buried at West Point.

Tate D. R. The list you ask for would occupy at least half of this column and be of no interest whatever to the general reader. Go to some library and consult the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1877.

CARRINGTON. We have several times answered about rifles. See a recent number. The "Spencer" is not now made, we believe. Deer-hunting is a winter business in Canada, Maine, and to some extent in the "Northern States" of New York.

W. M. If the banker's advances are honest accept them. It is your own affair. Let your "old flame" be among the things of the past, since he was weak enough to give you up. As to the good friend keep him such and prove your regard in some convincing manner.

INEX. Writers are not "unnecessarily humiliated" by editors. With editors, of necessity, the selection of matter is purely a business affair, in which they alone are the judges of what they want; for authors to bristle up at a rejection, or to feel humiliated at a non-use of their contributions is both foolish and unjust.

BEX ACTION. There is no possible chance for an applicant to West Point unless you have political or personal influence. There are always ten applicants for one vacancy, and that lad usually secures it who brings to bear the most influence on his Congressman, who has the naming of the candidate.

Z. N. E. We do not know if the actress named is married or single. As almost every theatrical lady has a maiden stage-name it is presumable that this particular actress is a married woman. No one will be in love with these stage stars; it is very dangerous to be confronted by the "other man" who has a prior lien on the stage.

"SWEETS." Kingsbridge. Here is the recipe for the toilet-water. Take of attar of roses, three drachms; attar of bergamot, eight drachms; attar of lemon, two drachms; simply extract of orange, two ounces; extract of orange, eight ounces; cologne spirits, eight pints; rose-water, one pint. Mix the oils, extracts and spirits, and add the rose-water. Shake the mixture well, and after it has stood a few days filter it through filtering-paper. To dilute this use three parts of cologne spirits to one of water.

GYPSON. Write: "What is your opinion of two persons, calling themselves 'The Spencers,' and out their pocket-knives and cleaning and trimming their nails in the presence of two ladies—the four coming out to dine at a restaurant? We think the 'persons' forgot that they had left the privacy of their dressing-rooms. Cleaning and trimming the nails are necessary parts of one's toilet, and should be attended to in a dressing-room; in public, always in one's own private apartment."

LOTTIE. Furs are always fashionable, and of course will be so this winter. If the muff is small it can readily be made large. No one will think that it has been used for two years if it is thus rejuvenated. Of the two suits we should say the gray was the most becoming. The questions are pretty fully answered by Fashion Notes given elsewhere. Thank you for your interest in the paper. If each one of our young lady friends would do as you propose our list would receive a great accession.

HENRY KEN. Many a boy now has to pay for the privilege of learning a trade. One engraver in New York charges \$1.00 to teach a boy until he can engrave nicely. If you have strength, and a "turn" for tools and construction we would advise the carpenter's trade, as a trade which will give you a profession, be a dentist. A good dentist is pretty sure to make money and has an excellent social position. Don't go out evenings to run the rounds of city follies. That is the ruin of many a young man. If your sister be your "company" and confident, for two years to come, at least.

ESSIE TOMPKINS writes: "Will you tell me at what particular times etiquette demands that propriety call upon her lady acquaintances, aside from in return for calls made?—You should make calls of condolence 'upon a bereavement'—where you have had a death in the family, or have met with any trouble or disaster; calls of 'congratulation' after a birth, recovery from illness, marriage of one of the family, or any other event which calls for 'leave-taking' when about to go on a long journey or to live elsewhere; calls of compliment and inquiry upon a lady who has received a compliment you at a party; calls upon a stranger recently moved into the neighborhood."

ELLSWORTH S. writes: "Do you think it is wrong or dangerous for cousins to marry? I love my cousin and she loves me, and we are very happy. Our parents feel so badly at the prospect of our marrying that we are very unhappy and do not know what to do. I think it is wrong for cousins to marry, and the old theory that marriages bring about disastrous physiological results has been thoroughly exploded. Royal families marry and inter-marry, the Rothschilds of Europe marry their very near relations with the same result that is attained by the breeders of famous strains of horses—all the fine characteristics of the family are perpetuated and improved upon. It is no conceded that for near relatives to marry is better rather than deteriorate a race. If your parents will make a story of this matter we will give any scraps they have in that line may be over-ruled. If their dislike to your marriage arises from other serious causes, as you say, we would well before you oppose their wishes. We think if your love for your cousin and hers for you, is of the faithful, patient kind, the time will come when you may be happily married."

DOLLY HARRISON. There is nothing that conduces so much to the comfort and elegance of a house as curtains—curtains at the windows, curtains at the doors, and curtains at the fireplaces. Because your house is small and old-fashioned need not prevent you from furnishing it in the most artistic and elegant manner. To have a home of one's own is an unending delight, and the fact that it costs nothing will enable you to expend more money in beautifying it within and without. The dotted Suisse curtain is very popular, and is a very heavy one as is preferable for winter. However, as it is now fashionable to have Suisse curtains lined with a color, you can hang them with gay, heavy ones at the back. Wornest or ray silk, upholstery goods you need for your curtains. Choose colors to correspond with the paint, paper and furniture of your room. If your room is decorated with wood or metal. Curtains hung in front of the doors will render the rooms elegant and warm. You can, also, add to the effect of your rooms by taking down the doors between them, wherever it is possible, and using curtains only. Lambrequins hung above these are handsome if you prefer them to having all bare. Ribbons tied in bows with long ends are the newest style of band for drapery.

TOMMY ROLLISTER says: "I have an album full of photos that I value; but all my visitors seem to conspire against my keeping them in any decent shape. Several times pictures have been taken out and carried away. Some pictures of gentlemen friends have had mustaches and 'sides' added with pencil. Nicknames have been written under names. And to add to the damage a chum of mine recently cut a hole in a picture of a lady, saying she had no heart, and he would cut it out. Now I want to know, if, because I am not a young lady, but of the sterner sex, is it fair for people to treat my book and my pictures as if they were of no account? I have put what is left of my treasure away, because there seems to be no law of common politeness to protect a gentleman in regard to these small properties, from the vandals and traitors who will do anything you might give me your opinion on this subject. We do, willingly. Paste this in the front of your album, and show it to all who touch the book. The person who takes a picture that belongs to another is as much a thief and a criminal as he who takes a thousand dollars out of an employer's safe. And the person who defaces and destroys the pictures in an album is as dishonest and mean as the man who destroys another's fence, or crops, or buildings. By every law of common politeness, all the small possessions of a person should be held as inviolable as his larger ones, and the possessions of a gentleman as valuable as a lady's; and the person who stole and destroyed your pictures was decidedly lacking in good-breeding and regard for the right—moral and legal."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

THE ROSE AND THE DAISY.

BY WILLIAM BRADBROW.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."—Proverbs, xvi, 18.

A fair, blushing rose, in the garden, one day,
In the pride of its beauty looked over the hedge,
And saw a poor daisy half covered by hay,
And declining beneath a great burden of sedge.

And thus, to the daisy, the beautiful rose:
"Deceitful is this, in the lowest degree,
But, Nature, by means of comparison, shows
Her astonishing skill as developed in me.

"In solitude, poor and despicable thing,
I behold thy contemptible figure decay,
While sweetness and beauty and liberty bring
Pretty bees in my company, day after day.

"The butterfly often caresses me, too,
And educates the nectar my bosom contains,
While lovely Aurora considers the dew
That she finds in my chalice the sweetest also drains.

"And even over delicate lily's perfume
Is inferior to mine, in Miss Fanny's esteem,
And can there be found a more elegant bloom
In a garden of earth, or poetical dream?"

"Thy darling endowments are, possibly, rare,
And might elicit admiration did Modesty shine,
But little laudation can fall to thy share,
When supported by Pride and Presumption like mine.

"Of self I am always unwilling to speak,
And I shun observation as much as I can,
Nor vain adulation from others I seek,
But indeed I am pleasing to Nature and man.

"Unplanted, I seek the green valley and hill,
Where intimacy, childhood and peace can obtain
A sight of my snowy and delicate thrill
And this yellow complexion you view with disdain.

"And when the poor body lies under the sod,
And the nearest and dearest have fled from the tomb,
That I shall remain is the mandate of God,
And right eager am I to submit to my doom.

"But, who, in Mortality's annals, can find
That a rose would work and amaze in a grave,
Without a rough driver, to tread her behind,
That her work might be done with the will of the slave?"

"And if you have beauty, I earnestly pray
That some wisdom and kindness be added thereto,
Whereby you may always be ready to say
Better words of poor creatures, less gifted than you."

But see the rude blast, in its anger, appears,
And attacks, as he passes, the insolent rose,
And scuttles away with the daisy's tears,
While the daisy remains in her humble repose.

Two Women's Faces.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Str. Cyr laid down the cabinet-photograph he had been intently studying for a couple of minutes, and took up his cigar, lighted it, and looked across the table at Rolland, half laughing as he spoke.

"Waiting for the verdict, eh? You asked my honest opinion of the picture, you know, and you mustn't want to annihilate me because I can't see in her face the beauty you've raved about until—well, perhaps I expected too much, but at all events this Miss Forrest of yours can't begin to compare with her cousin, that sweet, lovely, little blue-eyed creature, you know."

Rolland received his precious picture back with a look of pitiful contempt on his face. Str. Cyr could be so blind, so misguided, or so willful as not to see in Jessie Forrest's face all the sweetness, and beauty, and intellect so plainly visible to himself and everybody else, except Str. Cyr.

"Tastes do differ, don't they?" he said, coolly, "but I cannot imagine how Miss Forrest's picture can fail to please the most critical eye. Such sparkle and softness as there are in her beautiful dark eyes, and such freshness and health in her clear, fair complexion, and such distracting dimples, and exquisite teeth, and—"

Str. Cyr interrupted him with a melodious little laugh.

"Hush! you're over head and ears already! I'll admit Miss Forrest is gracious and charming, because I have no doubt she is, but I don't admire brunettes like Miss Forrest, and I do adore blondes, like—this."

He deliberately took a dainty little case from his big note-book, and laid on the table-cover the cabinet-picture of a dazlingly fair, charmingly pretty girl, with great luxuriant masses of sun-bright hair and wide-open, laughing blue eyes, a decidedly pretty girl.

Rolland shrugged his shoulders suggestively.

"Oh, yes—nice-looking little thing—rather insipid and characterless, isn't she?—nicish-looking girl for any one who admires blondes, I dare say. Who may she be, Victor?"

Str. Cyr slowly replaced the picture.

"That is Miss Fay Courtenay, cousin to your friend, Miss Forrest. And, Rolland, I believe I'm in love with her."

"And I know I'm in love with Jessie! Victor, what a good thing tastes differ only—and there's ever a bitter drop in the most honeyed cup—I am jealous of that abominable Willis fellow, who is forever hanging around Jessie and practicing duets with her."

Str. Cyr carefully knocked a dainty column of ashes off his cigar.

"I am not sure I should be jealous of Bertie Willis, Hugh. To be sure he's a handsome, bold-spoken fellow, but—I should think you could tell whether you or he is highest in favor. Oh, by the way, Hugh, I would be a thousand times obliged if you would get me a *passé-partout* for Miss Courtenay's photograph, when you go into town to-morrow. Didn't you say you were going?"

That was all about how it came to pass that Hugh Rolland came to be traveling from Long Branch up to the city with Fay Courtenay's picture in his breast-pocket, and his costly side by side with Jessie Forrest's; and that was why, in his private office that day, when he was enjoying his after-lunch cigar, that he took the two lovely faces and laid them on his desk, and compared them, black eyes and blue, dark hair and gold, and made up his mind, then and there, to put his fate to the touch that very evening on his return to the sea-shore, Bertie Willis notwithstanding.

Then he took a *coupe* and was driven up-town where he selected a handsome *passé-partout* frame for Miss Courtenay's picture, and while the artist was adjusting it, strolled through the gallery, until he received the package neatly tied in snowy paper and dainty pink cord.

So freighted, one sweet face framed, in one pocket, and another sweet face, unfixed, in another pocket, Hugh returned to Long Branch, to see, as he alighted from his train, Miss Forrest sitting in Mr. Willis's landau, looking angelically lovely, but—he could not be mistaken, smiling himself a glad, bright welcome that thrilled him to the very heart.

And which added fresh courage and hope that enabled him to seek her from the gay throngs in the hotel parlors, and invite her for a *tele-a-tele* promenade on the bright moonlight piazza.

"Because I want to see you very particularly, Miss Forrest. Because I have something to tell you that interests me beyond every thing else in the world."

And Jessie had leaned confidently on his arm, and lifted her lovely eyes to his face, and smiled an encouragement that lifted him into the seventh heaven of hopeful delight.

"I am sure I shall be charmed to hear your secret, dear Mr. Rolland."

Hugh's heart gave the orthodox thump for the occasion, but he really did feel his courage oozing away for one little second.

"Miss Jessie—or Jessie, let me call you, may I?" And then she smiled and leaned so coaxingly on his arm, and flashed out her pretty impetuous answer:

"Oh, yes, do! I love to have my very dear friends drop the formality of address."

"Her very dear friends!" Hugh's hopes mount-

ed higher and higher, and then—he plunged straight into the subject.

"I don't know how to say it—I can't tell what I ought to say—only—only—I never thought I could love any one half so well as I do—and—"

He hesitated, embarrassed by the desperate plunge he had taken.

Jessie lifted her lovely face innocently.

"Oh, how nice! And who is the favored lady, Mr. Rolland, if I dare ask so great a confidence?"

"The favored lady?" And yet, to have saved his soul, Hugh could not syllable the girl's own name.

"You think then I have any reason to dare hope! Miss Jessie—Jessie—let me show you her picture—the sweetest face I ever saw—the face of the only woman in all the world I want for my wife! Jessie—will she say yes, think you?"

At last he had spoken well and bravely, and as he spoke he slipped his hand in his inner pocket and drew forth the photograph and laid it on Jessie's arm, watching her with wild ecstasy in his heart to see the blushes, the joy, the sweet confusion that would come there.

And instead—she suddenly relieved him of her light, delicious weight on his arm, and gave a little exclamation he never translated.

"Mr. Rolland! Sir! This is—this is insulting! How dare you—treat me—so! What do I care for—?"

If an earthquake had opened the solid ground at his feet, Hugh could not have been more bewildered at her manner.

Then, at sight of her cold, sarcastic, indignant face, and sound of her voice and words, his hopes and happiness were dashed forever.

Gently took the picture off her arm, and returned it to his pocket before he trusted himself to speak.

"I am sorry to have offended you by my presumption, Miss Jessie. If you only knew how I loved—"

She interrupted him imperiously.

"But I don't want to know anything about it. I was mistaken, that is all. And I wish you would take the picture back to the dealer, for I promised Mr. Willis the opening quadrille."

And that was the end of poor Hugh's sweet dream—bitter repulse—bitter beyond endurance, bitter past belief, until, in the silence of his own room he took out the photograph to kiss the sweet lips that never were to touch his—

took it from his pocket to see that it was Fay Courtenay's picture—Fay Courtenay that he had shown Jessie Forrest as the woman he loved, while Jessie's picture was undoubtedly the one, framed by mistake, and that minute lying in its white wrapper in Str. Cyr's room!

No wonder Jessie had been enraged and indignant beyond measure—Hugh saw it all now, and with a little exclamation of despair and fury at his stupidity, and just a little faint hope of being able to explain satisfactorily, he went down-stairs again to seek Jessie out, and undo his fearful error.

To be met in the corridor by Bertie Willis, radiant and joyous, with Jessie on his arm, her sweet face glowing over with coldness at sight of him, as Willis detained him, gayly.

"Congratulations, old fellow! I'm the happiest man alive, for Jessie has promised her sweet self to me not an hour ago!"

And poor Hugh went on his way, with thoughts in his heart hardly recordable.

All for two women's pictures!

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

In lonely walks among the hills,
You meet her by the fountain,
Tuning her harp to a solemn song
As the winds waft o'er the mountain.

With a vision of love in her dreamy eyes,
Like the look of the wild gazelle,
She points to the waters stealing away
As the shadows drift down the dell.

By the lonely stream in the midnight hour,
She hath looked on the silent stars,
And with silvery moonlight clothed,
Hath stood by the river bars.

A thing from the land of the mystics,
She mournfully walked the earth,
And chants a song of the faded years
Ere sorrow was born of our mirth.

A Wild Girl:

OR,
LOVE'S GLAMOUR.

A Romance of Brooklyn Heights.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "PRETTY AND PROUD," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

CHAPTER X.
THE COUNT'S DOUBT.

OTHELLO. Honest, honest Iago!
LAGO. As the time, the place, and the country
stand by me, I will not be so bold;
but, since it is as it is, I will do my own good.

—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Alberto, the night of the *fete*, had seen his master assassinated before his eyes, he had some belief and some laurels, for, if he was discovered, he would share the same doom. It was not three minutes before the duke returned, his features set in a stern composure, and placing his hand on the shoulder of his motionless wife, hissed something into her ear, and pushed her before him out of the palace until the two disappeared together. Then Alberto ran to the gate, opened it, and slipped through. All was dark and silent. The boatman had not even awakened; he was mooring on his seat.

Alberto stood a moment, lost in thought. He could not endure the idea of leaving his master's body in the water; but, after all, the count was dead from a stab in the back, and what good could it possibly do him to be fished up like an old boot or a string of sea-weed?

It would ruin the duchess, that was all. A half-formed idea came into the agent's mind.

Stepping into the gondola he aroused the gondolier, said to him that the count must have gone home with some of his friends, and directed him to return to their apartments.

Once home, Alberto lighted a couple of lamps in his master's bed-chamber, and sat down in a chair. He felt very ill. The sight of the luggage all strapped for the journey affected him strangely.

The sleepy valet stumbled up to him wanting to know if the count had come home.

The man-of-business aroused himself from a deep reverie; the answer which came to his tongue, almost without his desire, decided for him a course which had only presented itself to his mind fifteen minutes before.

"The count," he answered, "has gone on to Paris to-night. He found that he could travel with a party of friends, and liked the idea. I am to go in the morning with the luggage. You, Francois, are to remain behind. The count has concluded that he will take no valet to the United States; but, that you may lose nothing, he directs me to pay your wages for two months and give you a good recommendation. You will have a place long before the end of the two months. So, do not grumble. Sleep here to-night, that you may help me about getting off in the morning."

The remainder of that night was like an eternity to Alberto; and still daylight came all too soon. He spent it in pacing the floor, perfecting in his own mind all the particulars of the dangerous imposture he was about to attempt.

A fellow of little principle, always restless and ambitious, Fate had thrown in his way an irresistible temptation.

Who need know that the young Count Ciarini lay at the bottom of the canal at the foot of the duke's garden? The duke himself would be the last to betray the murder. Even if he should

learn that some one was playing the part of the count in another country, his own safety would demand that he keep silence.

Alberto had quite a large sum of money in his possession, for the count had handed him his purse and account-book before going out that evening. He knew more than the owner about the affairs of the Ciarini estate. He could continue to draw the income in the count's name, to invent excuses for the count's long delay in returning home. He resembled his master in general personal appearance. He was familiar with the family history. He could go into details about its affairs.

He was acquainted with the names of its ancestors—the count's back to near relatives concerned themselves particularly about his whereabouts. It would be easy to adopt the name and title of the murdered man and to continue to personate him for years.

The only serious danger would be the liability of encountering some personal friend of the count's. Even this danger he hoped to avoid by keeping himself in the United States. After two or three years, if he escaped detection that long, he would deny the recognition of any one. The more he went into the details of the plan the more confident he felt.

Alberto spent some time securing the family papers of his murdered employer, his seal, his writing-desk, a hundred small articles belonging to the personal property of the count.

By morning he had an important box added to his baggage.

He got away from Venice early. He avoided Paris, for the count had many friends there. On reaching London, in the character of the count, he telegraphed Francois to know if all were well in Venice—he desired to hear before he sailed. He knew that if Francois answered that all was well, it would relieve his mind of the fear that the count's body might have been discovered. Francois did so answer.

"Let the body remain a few days in the water and it will be unrecognizable," was his reply.

To the passenger-list of the steamer he first forged the name of the Count Ciarini. His hand shook; but, in time, it learned to do the bidding of its master without trembling. There was no one on board who had the slightest previous acquaintance with the nobleman.

On the New York the steamer again telegraphed. He was anxious to avoid a false step. He would not take up his part in this strange city until he had ascertained what the news might be.

His baggage remained on shipboard, nor would he register any hotel until the answer came. It was to the effect that all was well, and Alberto took courage to go on with the course he had adopted.

CHAPTER XI.

FOR HER SAKE.

JULIET. Oh honey nurse, what news?—SHAKESPEARE.
"Doomed to see another take."
"All I longed for and desired."—BULWER.

A STRANGE week for Philip Armory followed on the heels of the first. He remained in his mother's week. What that week was to him none but himself can describe. So brief, so endless, so happy, so wretched—full of contradictions.

When he came back at evening from his day's duties, it sent the warm blood in swift pulses through his frame to think whose face he should see when he entered those humble chambers. Yet it was misery to know that beautiful face would never shine the "bright, particular star" of his life.

He was very silent and pale during that interval. She had something of her father's reticence, impulsive though she was, for she could not bring herself to confide to Mrs. Armory the secret of her singular behavior.

"I had scarcely more than spoken the words which made me his wife, when I discovered something which suddenly betrayed to me that he was not the man I had taken him to be—something which caused an utter revulsion of feeling—"

—was all the explanation she gave.

There was something so lovable about Kitty and her mother, added to that, something so pitiable—that Mrs. Armory's heart was completely won before the first twenty-four hours were passed. Still, she regretted the girl's being in her house, knowing the state of Philip's mind. It was unfortunate that he should have this intimate association with one it was the business of his life to forget.

His mother watched him anxiously whenever he spoke to Kitty. Poor little thing! not even the dreadful lesson which she had left her school-books to learn from the sterner book of life could quite crush the brilliancy of her young spirits. As they sat at their modest tea-table, or gathered around the lamp afterward, some of her old tricks would flash out upon them; she would be her own bright self for a few minutes. She had only the simple blue merino school-dress to wear in which she had left the convent. To see her in that, so quiet and pretty, her glorious hair put plainly back, yet breaking out in a hundred insurrectionary curls about her sweet face; wearing the little apron Mrs. Armory had lent her, determined to help out the paler hues of her dress, not knowing in the least how to go about it; Philip felt as if he were in a dream.

This could not be the heroine of the week, the story of whose adventures, as far as known, filled every newspaper of New York and Brooklyn.

This could not be the Countess Ciarini! Well, perhaps Kitty was not a countess, after all.

He brought home, at her request, many of these papers, in which Kitty read all that was new and queer about the brilliancy of her young spirits. As they sat at their modest tea-table, or gathered around the lamp afterward, some of her old tricks would flash out upon them; she would be her own bright self for a few minutes. She had only the simple blue merino school-dress to wear in which she had left the convent. To see her in that, so quiet and pretty, her glorious hair put plainly back, yet breaking out in a hundred insurrectionary curls about her sweet face; wearing the little apron Mrs. Armory had lent her, determined to help out the paler hues of her dress, not knowing in the least how to go about it; Philip felt as if he were in a dream.

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thought perhaps you would know I did it for the best, and would be sorry for me."

"There, there, my honey, don't cry, or yez'll break my heart. Oh, coo, as I know ye did it for the best, only ye are such a wild little thing, so young and motherless, ye might make a mistake an' be none so much to blame. Oh, but I'm sorry, I am, that ye coaxed me to take ye to the party that night."

"Speak, Eliza."

"It's no cry crying for the spilt milk, me darling. What can I do for ye, now?"

"I want you to pay a visit to my father's servants. They will tell you how he is—if he is well—if he is very angry. Oh, Eliza, I would like to go back to my dear home if I dared! I was a wicked, ungrateful girl, to do as I did. Find out how papa feels, to me, and come here to-morrow night and tell me all about it. And, oh, Eliza, go and see Miss Bayard. Do not breathe to her that you have seen me; but go and inquire if she has heard from me and learn all you can that you think I would like to know."

"Sure an' I will, Miss Kitty. Lord love us, only to think of it! you're a countess now, aren't you, me pretty?"

"Eliza, answered Kitty, looking down.

"Sure, an' the papers calls ye that," she declared.

"Never mind. Don't disappoint me to-morrow, Eliza. The day will be awfully, awfully long, waiting for you."

"I'll be here, if I have to throw up my situation an' quarrel with the mistress to get leave to come out. Sure, Miss Kitty, now I look at yez ag'in, ye're grown that thin an' pale as I wouldn't believe in a single wake."

Kitty's lips quivered, but she made no complaint. The two talked a few moments longer, and then Eliza went away.

Faithful to her promise Eliza returned the following evening, with a graphic report of her two visits. The servants at Mr. Kanell's were in such awe of their master's mood they dared not speak poor Kitty's name aloud, with him sitting overhead in the library.

Miss Parsley was in high spirits. Pretending to regret the conduct of her pupil, it was the opinion of Mrs. Kelley, the cook, that the sly thing was taking advantage of Mr. Kanell's being out of sorts, to while him along to marry her.

"Oh, poor, dear papa, why did I leave him?" cried Kitty, at this part of the news. "I never will go home with that snake-in-the-grass for a stepmother!"

Eliza had seen Miss Bayard, who cried when she spoke of her friend, and said it was her belief the poor child was at the bottom of the river. Mr. Fenn was with Miss Bayard, and he was afraid of it, too; they had no clew to her conduct, unless she had become frightened at the step she had taken and dropped her.

Philip Armory perceived, with the quickness of love, that their visitor was in lower spirits, after Eliza's second visit, than she had been at any time since coming to their house. No wonder that she felt deserted by the whole world, and her father irreparably offended, her friends believing her dead; nowhere to turn—nothing to do, but keep quiet and suffer!

Such a punishment as this was the severest that could be inflicted on a temperament like Kitty's. She could face an enemy—laugh at a conqueror—scorn the proprieties. But, yet still, in helpless submission—that was hard!

He was studying her downcast face—as he did every moment when he could do so unobserved by her—when the girl suddenly lifted her blue eyes and looked straight into his heart. Philip dropped his lids as soon as possible, but his passionate longing had been in his eyes, and she had seen, and, for the first time, understood it. She blushed painfully. There was a long silence in the room. Mrs. Armory was busy with her sewing, near the table; Philip did not dare look at Kitty again; she was thinking new and painful thoughts.

Doomed to be the creature of impulse, Kitty was not more than half an hour in coming to a decision.

Rising and going over to the kind lady who had sheltered her, she sat down in her lap, gently taking away the sewing.

"Look at me, Mrs. Armory," she began, the color flying into her face, her eyes shining. "Listen to me and advise me, just as if I were your own daughter. I have thought it all over, and have made up my mind that it is my duty to go to my husband."

Philip uttered a cry of surprise. She did not seem to hear it.

"As you have not told me why you left him, I cannot advise you," was Mrs. Armory's grave reply after her first feeling of wonder.

"If I live with him, I will never tell any one the reason. I will bury my knowledge of his fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man as he ought to be—perhaps, if I live with him, and try to make him better, he will be sorry for the past."

"Never marry a man to reform him, my dear child."

"But, I am married to him; it is too late to alter that. As your son said to me when I came here—'How dare you promise, before God, to love and honor a man, and then desert him! It seems to me strange fooling with the sacred things of life! Ah, Mrs. Armory, I have thought that over and over. I swore to be his 'for better or worse'—it is worse, but I am bound, all the same. In the first shock of the discovery I made it seem to me to be wrong and impossible to live with him. Now, I look upon it differently."

"Yes, but I say, Bub, I was quite astonished when I discovered that you and Mademoiselle Pauline had met before."

"Was you?"

"Yes, and I say, old fellow—of course it is none of my business—but aren't you and she pretty well acquainted?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet a trifle that there has been a love affair between you two?"

"Why should you think so?" Lawrence asked, rather annoyed at the idea.

"Gessed it from the way she looked at you," Grahame replied, laughing. "Oh, I've a rare eye to detect that sort of thing!"

"Garrison, don't you know who this girl really is?" Bub asked, abruptly.

"No, of course not; how should I? but you do, though."

"Yes, I do," Lawrence admitted, slowly.

"Well, I won't pry into the secret; only all I've got to say is that if you want the girl, she's yours; I feel satisfied in regard to that."

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, it's the truth, and you know it, old fellow."

"Don't say anything more about the subject, it is distasteful to me."

"All right."

And so the conversation ended.

The two went to the club, spent the evening there, and then returned to their hotel.

Bub's slumbers were restless and uneasy that night; and two fair faces haunted him, while Grahame, on the contrary, slept like a top. His plans were progressing well, and he felt sure that he would ultimately triumph.

In the morning Grahame excused himself to his cousin under the pretense that he had some important business to attend to, and immediately sought the presence of the lady who in such a strange manner played two such different roles in the drama of life.

Grahame sent up his card and craved the favor of a private interview with the queen of song.

The lady was at home, and immediately came down.

Right in the rear of the main parlor was a little private one, and in it "Mademoiselle Pauline" received her visitor.

"No doubt you are surprised at my request for a private interview," Grahame began, "but I assure you that I desire to see you upon most important business."

"I am ready to listen, sir," the girl replied, coldly. She had taken a dislike to this wily Mr. "Harry Gray," although for the life of her she could not have told why.

"Now I am about to speak upon a most delicate matter, and I beg that you will not be offended if I speak plainly."

"Go on, sir," she said, quietly.

"You are desperately in love with my cousin, Otis Lawrence, is that right?"

The girl started, crimsoned to her temples, for the speech was quite unexpected.

"And he, in a measure, is fascinated by you."

"Cease, sir, I beg!" Kitty exclaimed, rising in agitation.

"Oh, but you must hear me!" Grahame cried.

"I will not hear you!" she replied, vehemently.

"The happiness of your whole life depends upon it."

"My happiness?"

"Yes; you love Bub, and he can be made to love you!"

"To love me?" The girl was amazed.

"Yes; I can arrange the matter."

"But, we're both married, and that can be."

"I cannot very well explain it now; all I can say is that I can arrange the matter."

"You will excuse me, sir, if I doubt your power," Kitty exclaimed, with quite a haughty accent, she resented the man's interference.

"Doubt all you like; I don't object to that!" Grahame answered, in his careless way.

"All I wish of you is to agree to do certain things provided that I bring you and Bub together."

"Oh, you are making a bargain with me!"

The girl's lip curled in scorn.

"Well, yes; it is something of that sort."

"And supposing that I don't agree?"

"Ahl, but you will agree!"

"Will! You certainly have great assurance."

"I know that you will agree, because it is for your interest to do so," he calmly returned.

"And you think that I am ruled solely by my interest?" The girl was rapidly losing her temper.

"Who is there in all this wide world who is not ruled solely by his interest?" he demanded, sarcastically. "From the highest to the lowest man, woman or child, the idol, self, rules all the world."

"You will find that there is one in this world who is not ruled by it!" the girl cried, spiritedly.

"You mean to imply that you will not do as I wish?"

"You have guessed correctly!" she exclaimed, in lofty scorn.

"But you don't know what I wish."

"I do not care to know!"

"In a week you will think differently, and understand that I am big game adieu!"

Grahame bowed himself out. He had a crafty scheme on hand.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A TERRIBLE BLOW.

Tax haughty lip of the girl curled in contempt.

"This fellow is an arch scoundrel," she murmured, "but I can defy his malice. Otis Lawrence can never be anything to me; to indulge in such a hope is simply to cast reason aside; but there is a fascination—a charm in his society which I am not strong enough to resist, although I know full well that I imperil myself by yielding to it. He will never marry me; the thought is folly, and I tread upon the very brink of a frightful precipice when I encourage his attentions. I will not be so weak and foolish in the future; I will avoid him, although the struggle tears my heart in twain."

A brave resolution, and the girl fully intended to carry it out, but in this world man proposes and fate disposes.

Grahame's face was dark and his brows contracted as he paced slowly down the street.

"She will have it!" he muttered. "I would have spared her the blow, but she is obstinate, and as I can't bend her, she must break. Proud and willful after the fashion of her sex! Well, within a week I will undertake to humble her to the level of the dust."

But the shrewd Mr. "Harry Gray" worked by wiles, not by witchcraft, and wit depended upon dilatory time; and so, for fully a week, nothing worth particular mention occurred.

Bub visited his siren daily; again he was fast in her toils, and as for all her mighty resolution, she vanished into thin air in his presence. Heart and soul the girl was devoted to the stroke-oar, and at times there arose in her mind a wild determination to win him for her own, despite all the obstacles that existed.

The time for the race was fast approaching. Lured by the wiles of the siren, with fatal fascinations had taken so strong a hold upon him, Bub neglected his training and lingered in New York notwithstanding the remonstrances of the rest of the crew.

"Oh, it's all right, boys," he replied. "I am in excellent health and am taking the best of care of myself. Don't be alarmed about me; when the day of the race comes I will take my place in the boat as fit and in as good a fettle as any man in the crew. I am detained in town by important matters."

The search after Winnie had given up; Grahame had taken the matter upon himself and after a pretended search had assured Bub that old Milligan had removed the girl to some secret hiding-place, and that for the present it was impossible to trace her, and Bub, with that fatal weakness, about the only blemish in his noble nature, tamely accepted the statement; he was quieted though by Grahame's repeated declaration that if the matter was left in his hands he would most assuredly find the lost one in time.

It was no part of Grahame's plan to bring

Bub and Winnie together. He had removed Winnie from Cambridge that she in New York might act as a lure to entice Bub away from the crew, but for his sister's sake he had reserved the other girl. He had shrewdly calculated that, although Kitty was apparently much more high-tempered and proud than the meek and loving Winnie, yet those very qualities could be made use of to forward his designs.

Just one week since the day on which the interview between Grahame and the girl of double life had taken place, and Kitty, robbing herself for the street in her dressing-room at the hotel, received word that a lady and gentleman wished to see her in the parlor.

Totally unable to guess who her visitors were and rather astonished at the call, for she was little used to visits from strangers, she gave the finishing touches to her toilet, adjusted the diamonds in her ears and then descended to the reception room.

She entered, carelessly swinging the door to behind her. The lady and gentleman rose to receive her, their faces convulsed with emotion, and, oh, horror! Kitty recognized her father and mother.

A wild cry came from the lips of the girl; she staggered back, her face as pale as the face of the dead, and but for the support of a friendly chair, which involuntarily her trembling hand had grasped, she would have fallen prostrate to the floor.

"Father—mother!" she gasped.

"You see, mother, I told three nought but the truth!" the old man exclaimed, his voice husky and trembling with emotion.

"I told you so, mother, I told you so, I told you so, and bursting into a flood of tears she sunk down into a chair."

"Yes, this is the last that we toiled for," the old man continued, "the daughter that we thought we were bringing home to us, the good, pious girl, the support and comfort of our old age. And now, how do we find her?—a flaunting girl like a princess with diamonds in her ears and sin in her heart!"

"Oh, no, father—mother, believe me, I am a good, honest girl!" Kitty cried, wildly, flinging herself down at the feet of the old man.

"Don't be call me father! I will have naught to do with ye!" he replied, sternly.

"Oh, Kitty, to go and break our hearts this way, you're a wicked girl!"

"Wasn't it enough that you should take the wretched wages of sin yourself without forcing us to have a part in 'em?" old Googoo exclaimed, his voice trembling with passion.

"But, father, I haven't done anything wrong; I only honorably use the gifts that Heaven has given me!"

"And where do you use 'em?" the father cried: "in the devil's house, the theater! I saw you there two nights ago with my own eyes. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it; I tricked out in silk and laces and with diamonds all over you! Oh, girl, girl, I would rather have seen you in your grave-clothes, dressed for your coffin!"

A fresh outburst of sobs from the old lady interrupted the father's speech.

"But, father," pleaded the agitated girl, "I am just as good a girl now as when I first left the shelter of your roof."

"And you led us to, too!" the old man added, fiercely. "We accepted your earnings, the money that we thought you had gained by honest toil, and that money kept a roof over our heads when, if it hadn't been for it, we should have been homeless, homeless wanderers in the streets, maybe, but we're here now to pay it all back to you. I went home to the Woodbine after I saw you tricked out in your stage finery and I told your mother all about it and she wouldn't believe me; she thought that there must be some awful mistake about it, and so I brought her on here to this great overgrown city, for I wanted her to see with her own eyes; and now she has seen; she's seen your diamonds—your false yaller hair and all your fine fixings, and—"

"Oh, father, you've broken my heart!" the old woman sobbed.

"Father—mother, forgive me!" the girl implored, with streaming eyes. "I did it all for the best. I could not bear to see you toil so; I desired to help you along in this great overgrown city, for I wanted her to see with her own eyes; and now she has seen; she's seen your diamonds—your false yaller hair and all your fine fixings, and—"

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yond the mountain range which lay some fourteen miles west of the fort—though, so clear was the air, to a stranger it seemed scarcely a half-hour's walk distant. Their plan was to follow the base of the range, until they reached the Boulder Canon; and, through that pass, to cross the range into Middle Park, beyond, where they were sure of plenty of game and fine trout fishing.

The brother officers galloped along the plain, that stretched to the eastward its wavy undulating surface, an unbroken, measureless expanse, like a great restless ocean. Ashton Forrest drank to the full the joys of this free, care-free life, and he had been but recently stationed at Fort Lincoln. As they turned their horses' heads into the canon, intense was his delight and surprise as he beheld the grand mountains, on either side of the narrow road, towering hundreds of feet above him, while between their bases rushed the rapid foaming stream, the Middle Boulder.

Journeying on, through the ever-changing, picturesque scenery, they, at sunset, reached the summit of the snowy range, far up among the clouds, and as they gazed on the magnificent scene for them to camp here they were obliged, though night was rapidly approaching, to make the descent into the park beyond, which they entered at a late hour, thoroughly tired and eager for rest. In this beautiful, unfrequented spot the pleasure-seekers spent ten days in hunting and fishing.

"Boys," said Sergeant Brown, on the evening of the tenth day of their encampment, "if, as was proposed, we take the trail back, and cross the range at the divide, and so come out at 'Old Mortimer's Ranch,' at the foot of Mount Brown, we ought soon to break up here; for the trail is in horrible condition, and at best a rough, steep, hard path to travel."

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W. Y. W.
Sole Agents in New York for
J. & P. COATS

BROWN HAS THE BLUES.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I'm sad to-day; I cannot sing!
Don't ask me; it's no use;
My muse has got a one-armed wing—
My harp has got a single string
Because I have the blues!

I sent the *Times* an ode which, lo,
The editor did refuse!
He said such odes as that snow go—
That up the line it quick did flow—
And so I have the blues.

A friend went back on me to-day;
I'd not a dollar loose;
Although he said that he would pay
The little sum on some near day,
And so I've got the blues.

To make folks think that I was rich
I've tried full many a ruse,
The people here can't swallow "sich,"
For gold and brass they say don't hit,
And so I've got the blues.

Between two hats of pleasing style
I cannot choose;
And I must go without a tile,
Bare-headed, in a world of guile,
And so I've got the blues.

My landlord is a sordid elf,
And importunes for dues;
He squares himself and says my self
Should jingle rhythmic with his dues,
And so I have the blues.

The ship that I expect from sea
Is on a wayward cruise,
It's full of gold as it can be,
If just one dollar looks to me
I would not have the blues.

I tried to write a joke to-day
The people to amuse;
"Whose funeral notice, tell us, pray?"
They asked, "is it some dead to-day?"
And so I have the blues.

I'm sadder than a loaf of bread
Which board-houses use;
My heart is heavier than a lead
Two-bit piece which you cannot shed,
And so I have the blues.

I'm hourly manufacturing sighs;
My eyes are dim with dew;
The bluesiness that is in the skies,
And indigo, are on the rise,
Absorbed in these blue hues.

Wild Western Tales.

CAPTAIN BELLE.

An Idyl of the Cheyenne Route.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

"The stage can't go th'r'u, ter-night!"
The information was volunteered by the large, raw-boned individual who sat astride an equally large and raw-boned horse.

The scene—a peculiar one, except in its customary locality—was at Pitch Fork, several miles above Red Canyon, in the Hills. It was no city, for the reason that none of the "unriferous" had been found there. There was a large, grimy-looking shanty, in which were combined the several enterprises of a bar, a lodging-house, a gambling-den and a livery, where the stages to and from Deadwood changed horses.

Five men stood outside—rough, bearded "pilgrims" in red shirts, slouch hats, and with hands thrust in their buckskin breeches pockets. They were but photographs of the individual on horseback—"roughing" it in the mines, and "bad tarantier," had spoiled their personal beauty, if indeed they ever had possessed any.

Hauled up, near by, was the eastward stage, crammed full to overflowing of humanity of both sexes, who were leaving the Hills in disgust; while two span of fiery horses pranced and fretted, eager to be off.

"The stage can't go th'r'u, ter-night!" the man on horseback repeated, addressing the express messenger, who came out of the tavern, where he had been "irrigating." "Red Canyon's full o' road-agents—more'n a hundred o' 'em thar, goin' ter stop this stage, or bust, you bet!"

"Bah!" said Messenger Smith, grimly, "let 'em be road-agents, and be ripped! I've run more'n this stage th'r'u safely, heretofore, an' kin do et ag'in. Don't ye say so, Rawhide?" addressing one of the men standing up against the side of the tavern—Rawhide Ed, the driver of the stage which was drawn up in waiting.

"No! I don't opine I do," replied the veteran Jehu, cracking the long whip from which he took his appellation of Rawhide. "I guess I ain't ready ter run thar gantlet, ter-night, ag'in' sich a fall hand o' footpads—no, sir-ee, not fer me! I agree w' Double Bar'l Jake, thar, who knows his P's and Q's—thet ar' stage can't go th'r'u Red Canyon till we hev an esqurt o' so-jers!"

"Hang the soldiers! They'd weaken sooner than you or I!" replied the impetuous Smith. "Come! no more palaver now, but git ter yer ribbons. The passengers are all impatient, and it's time to be off."

"Then I reckon ye'll hev ter drive yerself, boss!" Rawhide replied, with a dubious shake of his head. "W'at w'll the road-agents in thar kenyon, an' ten thousand dollars in yer treasure box, I ain't so much 'on it' as I war awhile ago; I'll take a furlough, ef ye please!"

"Cuss it—the stage must go through, road-agents or no!" Smith cried. "Fifty dollars to the galoot as will grab them lines, and not let go of 'em until we are beyond Black Bob's gang—safe out o' Red Canyon!"

"Aye! I'll make it a hundred!" cried one of the passengers, from the top of the stage. "Hurry up yer taps, ef ye goin'!"

But the offer did not seem to attract any of the five men who leaned up against the cabin walls, smoking their grimy pipes. The few loafers who hung around Pitch Fork were never famous for their energy, and consequently manager Smith was in despair, as he glanced to where the sun was imparting a good-night kiss to the mountain peaks.

"Captain Belle's here, irrigatin'! I opine ye mought git her," ventured Jed Toppin, the pink-nosed "mayor" of the town. "Hello, heer she is, now," and as he spoke a girl stepped from the tavern, out into the open air.

"Captain Belle Barronett, at yer service, gentlemen!" introduced Rawhide, with a flourish—"old Jack's half-an'-half, don't ye kno?"

"Jack Barronett was a miner brave—War quick ter 'freeze' or 'thaw'—Got jilted by a Vermont gal, An' married an Injun squaw!"

Yas, an' the roebud ar' Jack's best pilgrims, you bet!"

The girl turned an indignant glance upon the speaker, which caused him to shrink back; then gazed inquiringly at the stage, and Smith.

desperation they leaped furiously away down the trail.

Messenger Smith, who had mounted to the driver's seat, had expected to see the dancin' girl crushed beneath the animals' feet; but no!—even as they plunged away with snorts of terror, she had dragged herself to the coach tongue, next she was leaping and dancing upon the horse's backs, wild ride and imp—then a bound brought her to the driver's seat with the reins in her hands!

And there she stood erect, her hair blowing back on the wind, and eyes flashing—stood there the lines grasped in her left hand, while with the right she lashed the already infuriated horses with the long whip, every now and then giving vent to a ringing yell that made the mountains detonate weird echoes high above the noisy, jolting rumble of the ponderous stage, which swayed and tipped frightfully as it tore along.

On! on! on—the passengers clung to their seats in terror as the vehicle pitched and lunged along, threatening each moment to be smashed into a total wreck, as at every sharp bend—perhaps on the very edge of some yawning precipice—it would career to one side, and tear along on two side wheels, leaving the passengers launched as it were on a frail possibility between life and eternity.

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He proved to be an impatient man as he waited for a response to his ring. The hollow tones of the knocker had seemingly reverberated throughout every room in Throstlewig's, and in ghostly tones was laughing in his very heart. A second ring elicited no response, and then, with an exclamation of rage, the man pushed open the door.

Wide flew the portal at his angry push, and a maidenly figure, elegantly dressed in quaint, olden style, was exposed to view. The man entered; but paused at the foot of the stair. On every hand the dust of months, perhaps years, lay thick; the frames of the old portraits on the walls were heavily veiled with cobwebs, and there their gilding was visible. Besides, the gloomy place had a damp, unpleasant smell, which must have given the visitor a poor opinion of the industry of the tenants of Throstlewig.

Stirring the dust of the open door came the last rays of the setting sun, and the north wind, entering, too, shook the portraits like dry bones, and filled the hall with ghostly echoes.

"Throstlewig, I curse you!" the man cried, clenching his hand. "Is it thus you greet me, empty, dusty, cold? Oh, if I could summon all the fiends from the under world, I'd have them tear ye piecemeal, nor leave one stone upon another. What ho! lackeys!" he shouted aloud.

"Will ye not attend me? Tell your master that I have come—I, the last of all men whom he wants to see—Guy Evertress, of Holyroke—the Man with the Malady!"

His words came back, accompanied by demoniac echoes which made him grit his teeth, and he smote the stair-post heavily with his bloodless hand.

"Ho! you think to avoid me!" he hissed. "I might have expected such a welcome at Throstlewig. By the days of old! my good Lambert, I'll find you if this roof bends over your head."

Guy Evertress, as the man called himself, plunged down the dust-begrimed corridor, and lifted the latch of the first door that greeted him. He had no trouble in entering the great parlor that lay beyond the threshold, and the golden sunlight which revealed the rich appointments of the lofty place also showed him a candle standing solitary and alone in its old-fashioned candelstick on a table.

He sprang upon this discovery with an ejaculation of delight, and producing a tinder-box, he lit his pipe, and produced a light. Then, holding the candle above his head, he made the circuit of the room, saw the elegant chafing

He looked around as if for a weapon of attack; he tried to wrench the iron molding from one of the pillars of the mantle, but it resisted his strength.

"Curse upon Throstlewig!" he cried, striding in towering rage to the spinnet, a clumsy instrument that completely filled one corner of the room. A heavy velvet cloth in many rich folds covered the bulky instrument; Guy Evertress threw it back and seized one of the costly mahogany legs. Like a giant, he wrestled with it until, crack! it went, and he rose with a triumphant cry, the novel battering-ram in his hands!

A single bound brought the Man with the Malady to the panel, and he at once began to rain blows fast and furious upon it. A stalwart smith never wielded sledge with greater power than Guy Evertress did the carved spinnet leg.

He looked like a madman as he stood in the magnificent room where the galleon's bellies and beaus of other days had made love; his strange white hair ruffled by his swinging arms, and his face pale, but full of demonism impossible to describe. He seemed to look beyond the panel; something on the other side appeared to goad him to desperation. If the wall had been one of stone, Guy Evertress would have hammered there just the same.

A panel of iron it would have been to have resisted the blows rained against it. At last it began to give way; splinters of mahogany had fallen at the madman's feet; but his weapon was still strong—strong enough to subdue the oaken panel. It yielded with a crash that must have been music to the ears of the Man with the Malady; his strange hammer suddenly went through the opening with a force that almost carried him along. But he drew it back, and by a few more blows enlarged the aperture sufficient to admit his body.

"There's more than one way of dealing with panels!" the man exclaimed, with fiendish glee, as, with the candle in his right hand, he sprang through the opening.

Quite in accordance with his expectations, he landed in another room; but the sight that greeted him was unexpected.

Standing white and pale beside a couch whose drapery told that she had lately left it, was a stately woman. Her face was white and wan, but her lustrous eyes were beautiful.

Guy Evertress started from the apparition with a cry of amazement. He staggered back over the splinters of the broken panel till he

Beat Time's Notes.

A light matter: a heavy gas-bill.

You should never try to compliment a painter by saying he is an artless man.

Our unpretentious corn is very sore this month and we are anxious for it to sore away.

No true gentleman would ever be so impolite as to ask a lady's age. No, indeed. He should always inquire after her youth.

X. writes to ask if we are in favor of hard money or greenbacks. Most assuredly we are, as a patriotic American citizen we are.

In manhood the admonition is to "go slow," but when I was a boy at home I was always instructed to go fast—especially on errands.

Ah, yes, any forlorn brother with big feet seeing Jones's footprints in the sand of Time would certainly take heart again and not be cast down at the size of his own.

Did I understand you to say you cultivate a garden, stranger?" asked a traveling parson. "Yes, sir." "What kind of a garden did you have this season?" "A beer garden, sir."

While a Trade dollar is only worth 90 cents and a Mexican dollar 85 it is some consolation to know that one hundred big copper cents are still worth a dollar, and Christmas lingering near.

"MEN SWEAR AT COST AT THE NEW CLOTHING STORE" was the way it was painted on the fence, which was certainly putting swearing cheap enough. It was meant to read: "MEN'S WEAR AT COST."

Autumn poets are all busy now on poems beginning "The leaves are turning brown." It seems to us that the leaves have somehow been turning brown long enough. Why not allow them the privilege of turning Smith, Jones or Robinson awhile for a change.

One of the best recommendations of Wiggins's Hair Restorer is from a boarding-house. The guests wrote that of late they have not found a single hair in the victuals and a committee of inquiry found the cooks in possession of several bottles of it. They say they feel lonesome.

"This is Castile soap, is it—cast steel!" said a guest. "Well, I should think so. When I rubbed it on my cheek it struck fire. Please take it down and tell the landlord to put a tree where its place about that big piece of brick, not the hardest piece of brick, remember, porter, but moderate."

A FLEA in a microscope, or on you, is two inches and a half long and three inches in circumference, has three rows of sharp teeth, and an extra bottle of poison under their left arm, and their jaws have a one-horse power which they put to use where it will do the most good. They are always where your fingers are not, and they can make themselves invisible, though they make themselves felt.

A FABLE—FROM ESOP (SOME DISTANCE). Two men accidentally fell over a fence into a pear orchard, when a big bull-dog made for them, and one went up a pear tree while the other laid down on his face, pretending to be dead, as he had read about. The dog sniffed at him, and finding that he did not smell altogether like a dead man, took a bite of him, when he jumped up with a yell and showed fight, and the dog ran off with what he had of him.

"Why," said he, "did you desert a friend in danger that way?" The one in the tree quit eating pears long enough to reply, "Why did you make such a fool of your friend as to stay there when you could have climbed a tree and put in all this time eating pears?" Just then the owner came full tilt, and the one on the ground ran off and escaped, and the other was shaken out of the tree and saved. The moral is, "Never run up a tree to avoid danger if there are pears there."

THE NEW HAT FLIRTATION.

To raise your hat and let your dirty stockings and handkerchiefs drop out on the sidewalk, means: "I adore you."

To sit down on your hat, means: "I am crushed."

To have your plug hat mashed in, means: "I am desirous of an acquaintance."

To wear your hat on the back of your head, means: "I am intoxicated with love."

To pull your hat down over your ears, means: "I am over ears in love."

To wear your hat on your right ear, means: "You are very pretty."

To pull your hat forward over your eyes, means: "I think your face is too bright to look upon."

To run after your hat down-street in a high wind in the presence of ladies, means, in common English, that "I am making a fool of myself."

"EXCELSIOR!"

A New Weekly Paper

FOR

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In brief, everything to entertain, interest,

amuse and instruct our Boys and Young Men

—to advance them, physically and mentally—

a paper that shall have no taint of impurity,

but worthy of the confidence and co-operation

of every one who would have a Boys' Weekly

sans reproche in their homes and hands.



"I was not dreaming!" he cried. "I saw the panel move! I saw a pair of eyes looking at me."

Now, the reins are wound around the girl Jehu's body, and she uses both hands to urge on the snorting horses with her long-lashed whip—and her voice rings out with the wild cry:

"Out of the track, you cutthroats! I'm goin' to take Smith's treasure through, or die!"

Alas! words spoken with faith of an accomplishment which could not be. The road-agents were prepared for the emergency; a cable was drawn across the trail, and held there by half a hundred pairs of hands, had the effect to hurl back the horses upon the stage; there were swift and deadly flashes from many a shining tube; Captain Belle reeled and fell to the ground to be caught up by a road-agent—but she was dead.

"Hold!" Black Bob said, in stentorian tones, as his men were about to proceed in their lawless work. "stop! let the stage go on, for this girl is Belle Barronett, and we make not war against her!"

The stage went on, but not without carrying an astonished load of passengers. By the death of one woman, the treasure and life had been saved, which otherwise would have been forfeited.

Few knew anything of Black Bob the road-agent, but proof enough it was that he had a little of the man left about him, when, for a moment, he allowed so rich a treasure to pass eastward over the Cheyenne trail!

And in a lonely grave in Red Canyon Captain Belle sleeps her last sleep, where the grim pines sigh a weird requiem.

EUREKA! EXCELSIOR!

A Respectable Paper for Young Americans, at last!

THE YOUNG NEW YORKER:

A Boys' Story Paper and World of Sport.

LOOK OUT FOR IT!

Throstlewig's Tenant.

A Story of Old-Time Virginia.

"So, this is Throstlewig!" exclaimed a man who long ago drew rein before one of the colonial mansions of Virginia and looked up with no little disappointment at the old pile which might have served for the quarters of a squadron of Cromwellian dragoons. He did not seem disposed to dismount until he had completed his study of the antique house, and when he alighted, it was plainly to be seen that appearances had not captivated him.

Tethering his horse to the strong oaken post before the house, the man went up the steps, and lifted the lion-headed brass knocker. He was waiting for a reply, he drew his heavy cloak closer around his form, for a cold, cutting wind blew from the north and made him shiver.

"Marry! but I'll leave this new world when I have finished my work!" he said, half aloud. "More's the pity that I should cross the seas in search of a bubble which may burst in my hand. But I will go on now; no turning back; nothing shall daunt Guy Evertress!"

the mantles, the old English mirrors with their frames ornamented with the heads of Cromwell, Pym and Hampden—relics of the days of the Protectorate—and at last stood still in the center of the room.

"I am a fool!" he burst forth, with the flash of the madman. "They named me rightly when they called me the Man with the Malady! I've crossed the seas to find Throstlewig—tenants!"

As he fell back into the arm-chair and closed his eyes as if to shut out some unpleasant sight, the face was rendered visible, and reflected in the mirror.

It was a clear-cut and almost expressionless face, but